

# THE ROTARIAN



## Europe and the New Democracy

By Edward Beneš—Minister of Foreign Affairs for Czechoslovakia

February, 1928



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The cry of the leper—outcast, unclean! A soul-wracking, melancholy cry that has resounded in the halls of time since Egypt was young and the pyramids were but a dream.

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**LEONARD WOOD MEMORIAL**  
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# The ROTARIAN

February  
1928

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It is a rather unusual achievement for a magazine to be able to present two contributions in one number from two men occupying the highest positions in the governmental affairs of their country such as Dr. Masaryk and Edward Beneš. In this connection we would be lacking in gratitude if we did not express our appreciation to Josef Schulz, of Prague, governor of the Sixty-sixth District (Czechoslovakia) for his cooperation which was of material assistance in making it possible for our readers to have these two interesting and worth-while documents.

Some splendid and outstanding features are being planned for early numbers of your magazine. Thomas Arkle Clark, dean of men at the University of Illinois, has written an article discussing the necessity of training youth to battle its own way, an article based on thirty years experience with thousands of young men. John Jeter Hurt, a new contributor to the magazine, has written an intensely human article "Not Good if Detached," based on Rotary experience. Philip Whitwell Wilson, a labor member of the British parliament (1906-10) and in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons for twelve years, has written an article that in our estimation is an outstanding contribution to our series of articles discussing questions of international concern that must be faced frankly, if progress is to be made in improving relations among nations. Other outstanding features to appear shortly will include two articles of unusual interest—one by Meredith Nicholson, discussing the responsibility of the business man to take an active interest in the political affairs of his city, state, and nation; the other by Edgar A. Guest on the fascinating subject of "Flowers for the Living."

The article entitled, "Business Contacts," by Charles R. Wiers in the January number, commented upon so favorably, has been published in a pamphlet. Readers may arrange to secure copies by addressing Mr. Wiers at the Spirella Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

### Who's Who—In This Number

Edward Beneš, minister of foreign affairs for Czechoslovakia, is a co-founder of the Little Entente, one of the authors of the Geneva Protocol, and a signer of the Locarno treaty. He

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has been a lecturer in the departments of sociology and economics at the University of Prague. Dr. Beneš is a member of the Czechoslovakian Socialist party.

Louis L. Mann, Ph.D., former lecturer on Comparative Ethics at Yale University, has been Rabbi, since 1923, of the Sinai Congregation in Chicago, one of the largest religious bodies in the world. He is also a lecturer in the department of Oriental Languages and Literatures at the University of Chicago.

John Milton Oskison, a former associate editor of Collier's magazine was, for several years, an editorial writer on the staff of the *New York Evening Post*.

Strickland Gillilan, well-known lecturer and after-dinner speaker, first started his writing career on Indiana newspapers. Since 1906 he has written for the United Press, Farm Life, and other syndicate services, and is a contributor to many magazines.

Perry S. Williams, is secretary of the Minneapolis Civic and Commerce Association.

Paul H. King, of Detroit, Michigan, referee in bankruptcy, has served on a number of important committees of Rotary International and is a member of the Extension Committee for the present year.

Charles Henry Mackintosh, of Chicago, editor, journalist, advertising counsellor, is a past president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America.

William H. Campbell, Rochester, New York, is chairman of the Community Service and Boys Work Committee of Rotary International. His article this month is the second of a series on community service by Rotary clubs.

Robert E. Farley, of New York City, is president of the Robert E. Farley Organization, a real-estate firm dealing in suburban development.

L. G. Merritt is a Rotarian of Lockport, New York. His classification is "Woodworking Machinery, Manufacturing," and he is an occasional contributor to leading magazines.

Paul Whitfield Horn, of Lubbock, Texas, is president of the Texas Technological College, a former superintendent of the American School at Mexico City, co-author of the *New Century Spelling Book*, and a contributor to newspapers and reviews.

Frederic McConn, of Shadyside, Ohio, the author of "A Financial Fable" is a "country banker by profession and a philosopher by nature."

Arthur J. Burks is a prominent writer who has recently returned to San Francisco, after a sojourn in the Orient.

Wm. Draper Brinckloe, of Easton, Maryland, is a frequent contributor to magazines, as well as president of the volunteer fire department of Talbot County, which he has described in his article. He is also chairman of the Rural Fire Department Committee of the U. S. National Fire Waste Council.

Hwuy-ung, author of the quaint letters from Melbourne to his friend Tseng-Ching, in China, extracts from which are published through the courtesy of the Frederick A. Stokes Company, American publishers, was destined never to return to his native land. The ship on which he embarked for Hongkong encountered stormy weather as it neared the coast of China and a heavy sea coming aboard, swept the deck, carrying away a seaman and the unfortunate Chinese patriot-philosopher, Hwuy-ung.



Photograph by  
Wide World Studio

## COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

"AMERICA'S GOOD-WILL AMBASSADOR"

HONORARY MEMBER OF ROTARY CLUB OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, U. S. A.

# What Are Ethics in Business?

By Robert E. Farley

**W**HAT is the one quality, and the only quality in human life that is universally admired—the one quality concerning which there is common and single-minded consent and approval.

Purity is sneered at by the rouse and the profligate; truth is ridiculed by the man who thrives on lies; honesty is scorned by those who live by theft; benevolence is a weakness to the man who believes that charity not only begins but ends at home; total abstinence is a Puritanical handicap in the minds of those who feel that alcohol is essential for the happiness of mankind; and every other quality than the one of which I speak, lacks to some extent at least, universal approval.

But all men, whoever or wherever they may be, and in whatsoever station in life, from the richest to the poorest, from the most Godly man to the most hopeless and desperate criminal, from the highest level of society to the lowest dregs thereof, whether they personally possess it or not, unite in their respect for and admiration of this one quality, and praise and acclaim it wherever and whenever it is found.

And this quality is Courage!

And when I am asked what are ethics in business, I answer in this one fine, inspiring, and thrilling word—Courage.

Courage—in perhaps being a pioneer to point the way and blaze the trail to ethical conduct in your trade, business, or profession; and what a magnificent record of courage our pioneers from Moses to Lindbergh have given us down through the ages to this year in which we live!

Courage—in running the risk of being called a reformer, a term to which so much odium seems to attach in these times. I heard one of the greatest reformers of today say that he hated reformers. He did not like the term. You and I do not like it, yet we sometimes forget that the progress of mankind and the advance of civilization are due chiefly to the sublime courage of great reformers extending through the centuries by way of many inspiring names from Jesus Christ to Martin Luther, and from Martin Luther to Abraham Lincoln.

Courage—in breaking and getting rid of a business habit, tenacious and of long standing; a habit based upon unfair and unethical policies, and yet so interwoven with our business that the breaking of it is most difficult and revolutionary. What a strain on courage to crush such a habit, and what fine courage in the man who quietly, unseen, unheralded, and unsung, gains such a victory!

Courage—in foregoing profits (sometimes large), or in accepting decreased profits through strict and consistent adherence to ethical standards, policies, and principles. Sometimes too, when those additional profits are desperately

needed, when the ship of business without them seems to be sinking or drifting towards the jagged rocks of financial disaster. All honor to the courage that brings a man through such an experience with his honor unsullied and his conscience uncompromised.

Courage—in meeting the wrongs committed by others with right—meeting trickery with honesty, lies with truth, unfairness with honorable conduct.

**C**OURAGE—in resisting and overcoming the temptation to take unfair advantage of the innocence, the ignorance, the inexperience, and the stupidity of others, whether they be employers, employees, competitors, or customers, or whatever our relations to them may be. In fact, in resisting temptation all along the line, and every day. And I believe there is no man who is wholly immune from this temptation, and who does not need the courage to resist and to conquer it.

Courage, Courage, Courage! No fear, no cowardice, or flinching under fire. Courage is the heart of ethics in business. Without courage the heart ceases to beat and ethics die.

I had thought to tell you that the trouble with a man who had no ethics in his business, is—using a word synonymous with courage but not so refined—that he hasn't any "guts." But this is not entirely true, for a man may have courage of a sort, and still not apply it to ethics in his business, but I will say that a man cannot be truly ethical in his business if he has no courage.

I would like this brief message to be a call to you and to me for courage, unfaltering courage in our business, whatever it may be, and I do not believe that I can close in a better way than to give you that sublime call to courage that we find in Henley's "Invictus," with which we are all so familiar. We have heard it many times, and yet I doubt that we can hear it too often, and in the moments when we are inclined to flinch or fail in courage, the memory of this will give us strength and inspiration:

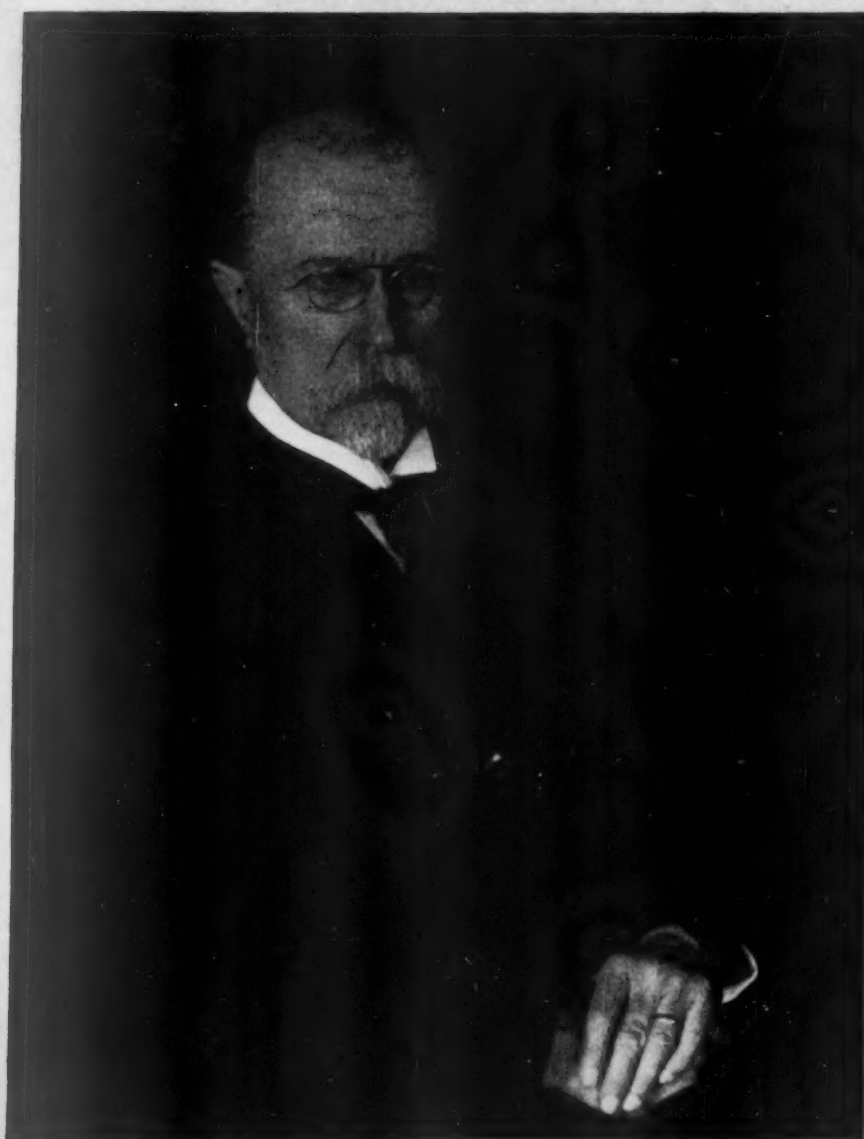
Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul.





*T. G. Masaryk  
20/XII/27.*

**T. G. MASARYK**  
PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA



## A Message to Rotarians from the President of the Republic of Czechoslovakia

THE war united Europe with America and Asia, consolidated the Anglo-Saxon states, and brought them nearer to the nations of the Far East. Through the war nations have begun to realize that they all form an organic whole. Through the war the humanitarian program, that is, the program of the most advanced thought among all the nations, has been reinforced.

Man cannot have any other program than the welfare of man. The humanitarian program means sympathy with all men, in spite of differences of language, nationality, and class, and at the same time a conscious effort for the unification of all mankind. This humanitarian program will be realized by the union of the states of Europe, and there is good hope that the Slavonic nations will in their own solidarity contribute towards this end.

The European problem is not merely one of organization which is, after all, a mechanical activity. We organize what already exists, we organize old things; but today the nations have not only to organ-

ize, but above all to create. Everywhere the old regime must give way to the new.

This task is only too often understood in a narrow and one-sided fashion; by the restoration of the nations and of Europe is generally meant the economic and political restoration of states. I do not think that I am lacking in appreciation either for economics or for the state, when I say that society, if it is to be perfect, must rest both politics and economics on a basis of culture: for all nations need instruction and education, and need to unlearn old lessons. We have to do here not only with the spread and increase of knowledge. Mere intellectualism is not the spiritual and the moral revival of which all nations now stand in need.

I firmly believe that rarely in all history has there been a more favorable occasion than the present for the realization of humanitarian ideals. Great ideals must be the final goal of effort for every individual and for every nation.

T. G. MASARYK.

# Europe and the New Democracy

By Edward Beneš

Minister of Foreign Affairs for Czechoslovakia

THE problem of international peace is as complicated as the varied life which has evolved Europe and America and which pushes other continents to the sun of civilization and culture. If this life seems to us as an immense confusion of parallel and divergent interests, forces and ideals; if it seems as a colored whirl of the most chaotically muddled economical, political, social, cultural, and moral endeavors, we will understand that it is not easy to find the way leading to the solution of this problem, especially if we consider the world's peace as an ideal and a state of maximum harmony between nations, governments, and their classes, a state which would prevent the cause of any conflict. Such a peace is no doubt an Utopia, because it is a negation of life.

If one should speak of a peace of this kind, one should agree that those who were talking before the war as they are talking now, are right: the peace of the world is a fantastic dream. The solution of the world's peace problem, fortunately, does not depend only upon the question as to whether we can transform the character of a person, so that he never looks for strife, or whether we succeed in arranging the relations existing between nations and governments so that there shall never

arise those differences which are the cause of war.

One can divide the problem of world peace, in principle, into *two general tasks*: The first condition is, to reduce the possibility of international and interstate conflicts as much as possible by abolishing the sources of such conflicts and by a raising of the moral standard of humanity. Secondly, the relations between nations and states must be put upon a modern and democratic basis. In the international policy of states, intended to maintain and develop these relations, must prevail new democratic methods. This means that the general principle of legal order is always uppermost and will rule in the internal life of the relations of citizens of each civilized state as well as in the mutual international relations of nations and states. Though it will not be possible to prevent every dispute, it will be possible to avert conflict by legal and peaceful means. I believe that in this form the problem of world peace is not an Utopia.

One must remember, though, that just as internal legal order can not abolish every violence, and must secure satisfaction by designating such evidence as a crime and punishing it, probably not even international legal order will be able to abolish war in cases where it

will be in opposition against this order. It will have to be prepared in such cases to defend the international order against such criminal revolt.

If we see the problem of international peace in this light it can not be very difficult to define the ways through which one can approach, as nearly as possible, world peace. It is very well known by what means and methods the internal and external harmony of states was secured during the feudal régime in the Middle Ages under the rule of Absolutism. The duration of this harmony as well as the steadiness under which it prevailed is also very well known. However, the idea of human rights, formulated by the French Revolution in its slogan of "*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*," broke down this artificial harmony within the states just as the idea of liberty and self-determination of nations broke it down from the international standpoint.

This system of democracy was erected on the principles of new ideas, which, from their viewpoint of internal state order, means not only equality of citizens, but also a collaboration of all citizens in the government and administration of states. This system grew undoubtedly through the tracing and finding of state courses for the equalization of all political, econom-



*Edward Benes*  
 21. 12. 1927.  
 Prague

## EDWARD BENEŠ

MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS FOR CZECHOSLOVAKIA

ical, and social forces which compose the state, a safer guarantee of the internal peace, if not of harmony exactly, than the old system of lordship of one class over the other—eventually the system of autocracy. Thus the strengthening and deepening of the democratic system within the individual state is one of the means which, by the securing of internal peace in democratic states, will build the foundations for international and world peace.

But there is also no doubt that democracy plays in international relations no small part. The pre-war international political system was based on the suppression of nations or on the method

of the ruling over of small nations by a few big nations. At the time when the international idea found its way into international politics and caused consolidation of Germany and the birth of a greater Italy, the situation was characterized by the supremacy of great powers which were looking for a solution to the problem of international harmony through endeavoring to obtain a balance of great powers, without respect to small states and nations. However, such a relationship could not produce peace in Europe or in the world. If it arrived at an occasional balance of powers, it was only a temporary balance which did not mean

harmony at all, not only because it was not based on mutual confidence and collaboration of states which constituted it, but especially because it bore, in unsolved questions of a great number of nationalities, which were subjected to foreign rule, germs of its serious illness. Nothing was more natural than that this whole system should break down in the whirl of the world war and that the overthrow with which the war ended, already bore traces of new ideas.

The liberation of a great number of formerly submerged nations, and the origin of a great number of new small states were the result of forces transferring with unavoidable consistency,



The Charles Bridge, picturesque remnant of medieval Prague. In the background is the Hradcany, ancient seat of Bohemian kings. One wing of the palace is now occupied by President T. G. Masaryk; in another wing are the state diplomatic quarters of Dr. Edward Beneš.

democratic ideas from the internal state life to the international life. If the equality of citizens is the basic supposition of a democratic state the equality and claims of self-determination are the basic supposition of a democratic combination in the relations between nations and states. But could this result be sufficient to insure world peace, even if it could not be denied that it means, undoubtedly, a progress in comparison to the political state of Europe and the world before the war?

Not only from those who unwillingly bade farewell to the former system, but also from those who care only for peace between nations, we hear of course a negative answer. Was it not only a half-way solution of national problems which was brought about by the ending of the war? Were there not left in a great number of new states larger or smaller minorities who do not enjoy the principle of self-determination? One can not deny this fact, which one can only understand correctly when he realizes the whole complexity of this problem, especially if he considers that members of various nationalities live in certain districts promiscuously in such a way that the forming of nationally homogeneous states is a technical and geographical impossibility; and that the existence of minorities is merely a necessity. For the solution of the problem of peace, therefore, there is not only important the fact that a certain number of formerly submerged nations acquired liberty and independence through the political upheaval of 1918 and subsequent years, but also the question as to what degree such national minorities have been satisfied, which for reasons of ethnographical promiscuity of popu-

lation as well as for geographical and, eventually, economical reasons, could not acquire their independence and self-determination.

Also in this case one can refer to an undeniable progress which increases the guaranties of peace in the whole world. We have in mind the principle of international protection of minorities by which the majority of states, having national linguistic and religious minorities, have accepted the obligation to grant to their minorities the fundamental rights which are essential to the maintaining of their existence and the securing of their cultural development. The fulfillment of such obligations which one must consider as a part and supplement of political changes of 1918 and 1919 in Europe, belongs undoubtedly to such conditions upon which the peace is dependent.

IT must, of course, be granted that the territorial and political changes which have been brought about in Europe as well as outside of Europe after the war, represent, by the liberation of some nations and by introduction of international protection of minorities, the greatest progress in comparison with former circumstances. But these would have more or less the character of mechanical changes and would hardly be sufficient for the securing of world peace if the democratic ideas brought with them would not leave also permanent traces in the whole system of international and interstate relations after the war—that is, if they would not produce new methods of international politics. While the main program of the pre-war foreign policy of individual states was the defense and strengthening of their

own interests and their own prestige without regard for the interests of neighboring states, the new international policy is based upon the principle that all nations and all states have equal rights of life and of free development. It sees its program, not in the selfish promotion by a state of its own interests, and attacks, and expansions, which are made possible by the maintaining of large military forces, but in the systematic organization of a plan of collaboration with its nearby as well as its distant neighbors; by promotion of its own and state individuality through a noble economical and cultural competition with other neighbors; and through the development of *international* collaboration.

This new international policy which is an important factor in the solution of the international problem of the world's peace, found its most forceful expression in the League of Nations, in which all member states without regard for their size and without regard for their political power are equal members, and to whom a special task has been given to organize all states of the world for an international peace-collaboration. If, therefore, one can say generally that a democratic way is a safe way leading to world peace, then one has to look for concrete methods and means, leading to this goal not only in the international policy of individual states, but also there in that great agency that has been created where this policy—as long as it represents the endeavor for securing permanent international peace—gets its strongest present-day expression, namely, in the League of Nations.

The League of Nations, which is an  
(Continued on page 48)



# The Quest of the "Bluebird"

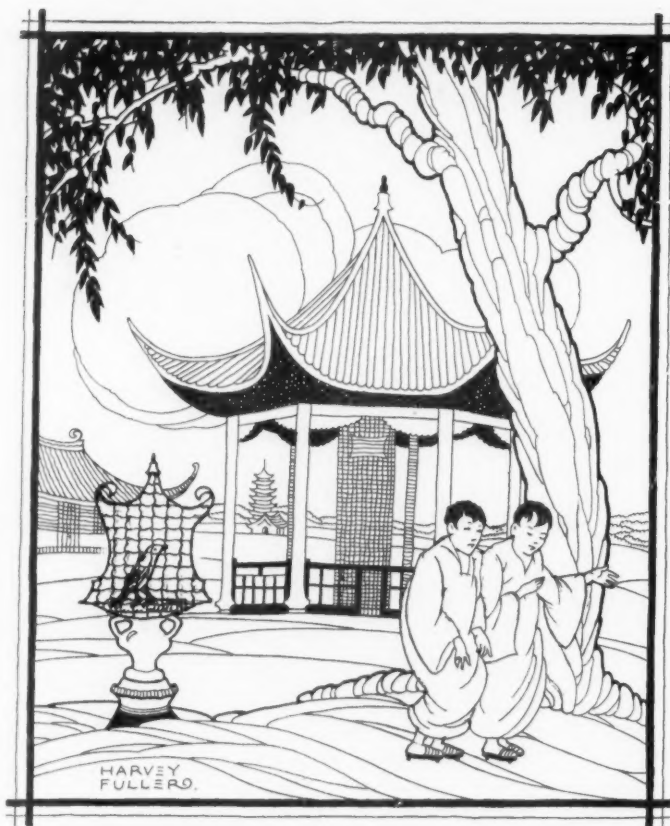
*The philosophy of "he profits most who serves best"*

By Louis L. Mann

IT is rather unfortunate that the Rotary motto has been looked upon by "go getters" as a means of making a living—in reality, it is a means of making a life. It paves the road to human happiness. Happiness, or the quest of the "bluebird," is not only a problem, but *the* problem—the problem of all problems. From the untutored savage to the most civilized man, from the hod-carrier to the psychologist, from the little child, prattling upon its mother's knee, to the old man tottering to the grave—all seek happiness. In the true sense of the word, it is the very elixir of life. Men in all ages and all climes have sought happiness in almost every way but one—and that, the correct one. Personally, I believe that the philosophy of Rotary, among other idealistic forces, contributes greatly to the solution of this problem.

It is very difficult to define happiness. Thousands have tried, but few have succeeded. As an artist sees imprisoned in a huge block of marble the figure of a beautiful woman, and with his chisel and mallet chips off a little here and a little there, until the figure literally steps out, in like manner it will be easier for us to "chip off" some of the current misconceptions of happiness by explaining what happiness is *not*, and then possibly the "bluebird" itself might be freed from its cage.

Many people really believe, some consciously and others subconsciously, that *wealth* makes for happiness. I know many poor people who are happy; I know many rich people who are un-



"People traveled all over the world in quest of the 'bluebird.' . . ."

happy. The very word "miser" is etymologically connected with the word "miserable," which shows that *wealth* and happiness do not necessarily go together. Think for a moment of Croesus whose whole ambition in life was to acquire gold and more gold, and who never experienced a happy moment throughout the length of his days. When he died, they cut off his head and filled it with molten gold as a symbol of the heartless life he had lived.

The story of Midas of mythology, though not a fact, is none the less true. It is the story of the "golden touch," in which every wish was realized. When his heart and soul became metallic, he prayed to be released from his erstwhile blessing, which had turned out to be a curse. In the final analysis, *wealth* is neither a help nor a hindrance to real happiness. Who is happier, the man who works to get a dinner for his appetite, or the man who works to get an appetite for his dinner?

Some people believe that *power*

Illustrations by  
Harvey Fuller

makes for happiness. One naturally thinks of Caesar, one of the most powerful monarchs of antiquity, who had almost everything in his control, but—happiness. Napoleon had the power to change the map of Europe, to satisfy the whim and caprice of the moment, to satisfy his insatiable desire for power and glory, yet, at the end of his life confessed that he had not experienced six happy days.

Alexander, who conquered the ancient world, was not happy. One day he wept like a little child because "there were no more worlds to conquer." There were, but he did not

know it. He had failed to conquer the world within, for in a fit of anger he threw his javelin at his best friend, and killed him. In the unhappiness that followed, he might well have thought of the admonition "stronger is he that ruleth over his own spirit than he that conquers a city." No, *power* alone cannot insure happiness.

OTHERS, again, feel that *freedom* will secure happiness—to do what one wants, when one wants, as one wants. I am reminded at this moment of John Bunyan, who spent twelve years in Bedford Jail, and during that time wrote the familiar classic "Pilgrim's Progress." He was so happy that again and again he fell upon his knees amid sobbing, ecstasy, and prayer, to thank God that even though his body was in chains his soul was free.

Under conditions not very different, Cervantes spent five years in jail, with dry crust for food, rags for raiment, a stone slab for a pillow, with his feet



attered, and during those years created "Don Quixote," with its delicate wit, its fantastic imagery, its scintillating humor, and its brilliant episodes. His happiness was radiated down through the ages, so that our very phrase "quixotic humor" bears testimony to his state of mind. He *wasn't* free; he *was* happy. Many recall the experience of Epictetus, the Roman slave-philosopher, who was maimed in body and sold as a slave to a former slave, who became a cruel master. His master twisted his leg "just for the fun of it," and Epictetus, who was a Stoic, calmly said, "if you will twist it a little more, it will break." The master twisted it a little more, and it broke. There, uncared for, he remained a cripple for years, but during those years he wrote his philosophy, and his heart pulsed with happiness, which the thinking world will never forget.

Does *ease* make for happiness? There was Father Damien, a Catholic priest, who was living in comparative *ease*, because of the service that he had rendered. He heard of lepers on a far-away island, who needed comfort and nursing, and who were doing without the human touch of love and service. His happiness left him and his conscience troubled him until he made his way to those poor unfortunates and gave them comfort and nursed them day in and day out. Finally, he became a victim of the dread disease, and in his last moments a halo of happiness, almost divine, because it was so human, radiated from his kindly countenance.

There was a rabbi once, Akiba by name, whom the Romans forbade to teach his religion. He taught it just the same. The Romans then persecuted him. They cut his body, inch by inch, until he bled at every pore. With it all, he smiled. "Are you a Stoic?" asked the persecutors. He said that he was not. "Then you are in league with witchcraft?" Again he answered his persecutors in the negative. "How then can you smile amidst such torture?" His answer was calm, sustained by an unfaltering faith: "All my life have I repeated, 'Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might'—and I have loved Him with all my heart, and I have loved Him with all my soul—and, now, when I am given the first opportunity of proving that 'I love

Him with all my might,' yea, even with life itself, why should I not smile?" With the watchword of Israel on his lips: "Hear, Oh Israel, the Eternal is our God, the Eternal is One," he breathed his last, with happiness supreme upon his face.

MANY who are sick, doubtless, will say that *health* makes happiness possible. I have heard sick people say, "If I ever get well, I will never grumble again." They don't—until they get well. I would have you think of John Milton, blind, seeking to bring light to others, dictating a theodicy—an attempt to justify, to his daughters, the ways of God to man. One cannot read John Milton's poems without feeling a pulsating joy of life.

Helen Keller, in like manner, born deaf, dumb, and blind, handicapped as no other human being has ever been handicapped, has, by means of the most heroic efforts, learned to read, and write, and communicate. Today, she is one of the most cultured women in the world. In her essay on "Optimism," she defines it in the manner that Schopenhauer defines life as a "Will to live," and Professor James, as a "Will to believe," and Nietzsche, as a "Will to power." She defines it as a "Will to work," not a wish, but a "will"—a determination "to work." She defines it not as that superficial something, saying that "all is well," when it is not—that is not optimism, but "opiatism"—but a determination to work. Robert Louis Stevenson, because of tuberculosis, had to leave his native country, his friends, and his family, and live among the natives of the Isle of Samoa. Because he served his fellowmen everywhere, he found happiness in his own life. You will remember the epitaph that he wrote:

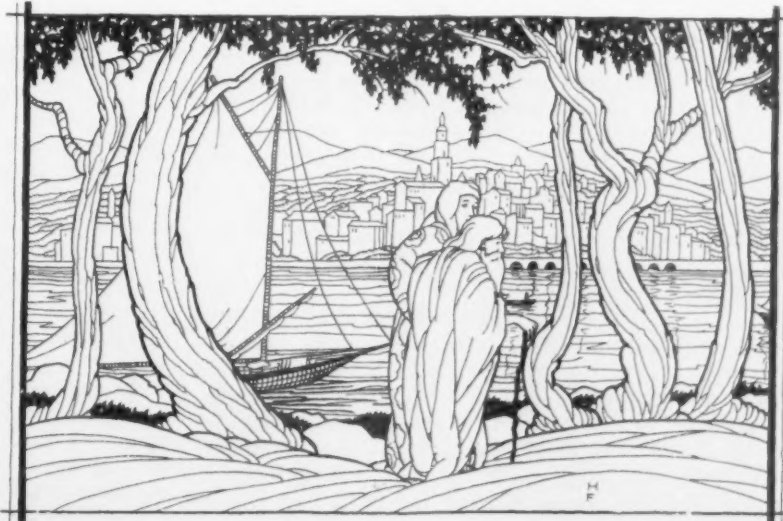
"Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig me a grave and let me lie.

Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I lay me down with a will."

From the foregoing examples, it is easy to see that neither *wealth*, nor *health*, nor *power*, nor *freedom*, nor *ease*, not any one, nor all of these together, can secure happiness. What, then, is happiness? As a tentative and working hypothesis, which we shall modify in the course of this article, we shall define happiness as *the opportunity to realize and exercise all one's capacities and potentialities for unselfish service*. If the human being were comparable to a machine—as a human being is not comparable to a machine—happiness would represent the machine running on all cylinders, without a squeak, or a buzz, or a jerk. If the human being could be compared to an organism—as a human being cannot be compared to an organism—happiness would represent the harmonious functioning of all of the organs.

It may be possible to glean the meaning of happiness from several masterpieces of literature dealing with the problem. The first to which I would refer is Goethe's "Faust." It was written over a period of sixty years, by one of the greatest minds of the eighteenth century. "Faust," in a very real sense of the word, sought happiness. He tried philosophy, theology, science, magic, and art. All failed to bring him happiness. One day he met "Mephistopheles" who promised him happiness on condition that "when to the passing moment he should say 'delay, thou art so beautiful' he would forfeit his soul." The compact was made, and the contest was on. There was nothing too high or too low, too sublime or too vulgar, too spiritual or too sensual. You will recall "Auerbach's cellar," the "Witch's kitchen," "Walpurgis-night," and the story of "Marguerite." At this point the first part ends. Most people do not read the second part. Dramatically, it is

somewhat inferior, but ethically and morally, it forms a complement of and a supplement to the first part. "Faust," as an old man, physically blind, seeing only with spiritual vision, was elected mayor of a little village. Here there was a swamp that bred disease and "Faust" had it drained for a playground for happy children. It was then, when "to the passing moment he said, 'delay, thou art so beautiful,'" that he lost his soul. The point, (Cont'd on page 55)



"The quest of happiness lies in the happiness of the quest."

# The Seventh Age

By John M. Oskison

Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren

"AND now this!" In an accent of hopeless martyrdom, Claire Newton referred to the letter from her brother in Missouri. The sunlit breakfast nook, with bold California blooms nodding outside in the gloriously fresh October wind and tapping at the glass, grew even more frigidly gloomy than it had been.

"More grief, Babe?" her husband, anxiously intent on the difficult task of coaxing fretful four-year-old Junior to eat his gruel, asked mournfully.

"Will and Lucy are sending grandfather Bates out to us, that's all!"

"The professor? Well?"

"Biff, he's past ninety!"

"And you'll have another 'affliction' on your hands; oh, I'm sorry, Babe."

Until the late slump in business, necessitating a major surgical operation to extract money from logical purchasers of expensive cars, Biff had prospered and waxed stout and cheerful as the Babylon Bay agent of Sealand Motors. He had been a solid wall of optimism, resisting Claire's solemn warning not to stand for the factory's policy of arbitrarily assigning him a monthly quota of automobiles, to be paid for on delivery whether he was able to sell them or not, and pooh-poohing Junior's serious digestive trouble. "He'll get rid of it when he's got his second teeth," he said. In the throes of his business problem, however, he had turned gloomy and pessimistic, affecting Claire's taut nerves and their friends' jazz-jangled senses like a funeral bell.

"Will's letter says," Claire sought a ray of light, "that he and Lucy are sorry to lose grandfather, but he feels it would be better to break away now than stay on and see the management of the big farm pass from his hands as he grew old and helpless."

"At ninety, he says that! I wonder what he calls old?"

"He wants to spend his last days here; he's had California in mind ever since he came out twenty years ago, when he retired as president of Ozark Agricultural College, and stayed with father for a month."

"Well, we'll make the old professor welcome, Babe." Claire couldn't help smiling at Biff's lugubrious tone, and yet it seemed to chime so exactly with her own mood!

What in the world, Claire thought an hour later, after Biff had departed for his harassing business and Junior had been taken over by his worried nurse,

would they do with grandfather? Born within the century, any year preceding the horseless carriage was to her a chip of the stone age; her mind could not picture an era of buggies, bustles, and floor-sweeping skirts.

... She supposed she would be fond of her ancestors, be glad to care for him, but just now she felt it would be like having a living prehistoric relic in the house!

She tried to recall her childish impressions of him as a man of seventy, in the time he had stayed with her father. He had seemed incredibly tall, erect, rugged; his hair and beard, showing hardly any traces of gray, had been thick and bushy; he had talked a great deal, in a big, surprisingly pleasant voice; he had made a tremendous stir in her father's quiet home, in the town of Barkdale, and at the little Barkdale College experimental farm, where his work as founder and developer of Ozark Aggy was thoroughly understood and appreciated. Barkdale College had tried to lure him from his retirement by the offer of a salary that, considering its resources, was indeed handsome, but he had preferred to go back to the old Missouri corn farm and experiment with the feeding of sixteen months' old Hereford steers and sending them to market as baby beeves—a thing that, in those days, feeders said couldn't be done profitably. However, he had done it.

Where would they put the old professor? Upstairs, where he would be almost under their feet? Where he would be a sort of gaunt spectre at their card parties, dances, cocktail bouts? No; to them and their generation must belong the bridge room, library, Junior's and Miss Dart's quarters, the guest rooms. Well? she put it up to Biff.



"Couldn't you make money by using our tractor? If you couldn't, I wouldn't sell you one at any price."

"I wonder," he suggested, "if we couldn't fit up the big basement trunk room, cut off one end and divide it into bedroom and bath-toilet. It's got a good view, and it would be quiet. I should think he'd like a place to himself. We can put in a fireplace, too, for cold and foggy days."

"I suppose he'll want to pay—Biff, he isn't poor, you know; he has his pension from Ozark Aggy, and Will says he has quite a lot of money besides."

"We won't consider that, Babe!" Biff spoke out promptly. "He's your grandfather, and a man of distinguished achievements, and we'll make him welcome as such."

THEY discussed the required furnishings of his quarters: solid the pieces must be, and plain, for the touch of aged hands is uncertain, fumbling; the room must not be cluttered, for his eyes were probably bad, and he would stumble over small pieces. "But I'll have to tell you, Biff," and Claire flushed, "he used to chew tobacco, and probably does still. You'd better get a—a—" she couldn't think of the word cuspidor.

"A spittoon?" Biff emerged momentarily from his gloom to grin at his wife. "I sure will; only a he-prof., even of a cow college, in these refined days would have the courage to chew."

"He used to say it was good for the teeth."

"That's right. I'll bet he's got most of his yet."

"Then you won't mind? Won't think of him as a nuisance?"

"Not I! We could have an attendant, a sort of valet, for him—what do you think?"

"Will says he won't have one; won't let anybody come with him on the long trip out here. Besides, could we afford—"

"Listen, Babe, I'm not broke yet, and while I've got a dollar I won't have you wearing yourself out waiting on the prof. You've got enough to do looking after Junior and me. If he needs a man, he'll have one!"

"Biff, you're a dear!" Claire kissed him impulsively. He was coming to life, squaring his shoulders again in this crisis; perhaps the coming of Grandfather Bates would be the stimulus needed to pull him out of his slump.

"Ought we," Claire hesitated, "do you think he could take his meals with us?"

"My darling girl!" Biff challenged with spirit. "Of course he will. We'll be proud to have him at our table. . . . Now, I'll get the carpenters and plumbers and chimney-builders on the job in the morning, and we'll have everything snug for him by the time he gets here. Just when will that be?"

"The day before Thanksgiving; and, Biff, we'll have an old-fashioned turkey dinner for him."

"Yeh, that's the stuff! Well," he grinned, "do you feel like slipping across to the Aikens for some bridge and a dance or two?"

"I'll go up and change my dress, and see if Junior's all right." The old Biff was certainly coming back; Claire smiled as she went upstairs.

Disregarding Claire's hint that he ought to lie down for an hour or so before dinner on the afternoon of his arrival, the old professor, thinner than she remembered him, but hardly stooping, his hair and beard thinner too and grayer, yet still abundant, walked out of his cheerful basement quarters onto the terrace to run an appraising eye over the Newton hillside domain. There was the re-

membered softness in the air, the scents, the rich California luxuriance of growing things, a haze-softened view down and across the city of Babylon to gray water and purple jagged hills shutting off the sea and much of the sea fog from the Pacific. He stepped out to the garden, and his hickory cane seemed more of a companion and a tool than a support; with its fire-hardened tip, he explored the soil of flower beds and at the roots of young trees.

From the balcony above, Claire watched, fearful lest he stumble and fall. Her anxiety lessened, however, as she saw the deliberately sure-footed progress he made. She thought of his serene gray eyes, behind the gold-rimmed spectacles, and a little thrill of pride warmed her heart. Biff had driven him home from the station, and looked intently at her, as though he wanted to be sure she would give him a proper welcome, when she came forward and offered her cheek. He had stooped to kiss her; "dear Claire!" he had said it so sweetly, holding her momentarily against his slender, strong old body. "You and Biff are very good to take me in." He had followed them into his room, standing near the door to survey its arrangement. "Too much luxury for an old farmer like me!" he had said, smiling at his granddaughter.

"We'll give you a straw mattress, Professor, and have the bath taken out," Biff offered with a broad grin; and Claire was positive that her husband would presently be calling him "prof." and kidding him.

"Well, you might wait a bit; maybe I can get used to bath salts and goose-hair pillows." Biff had laughed loudly at that; and when they left him to unpack his traveling-bag and wash his

hands, Biff chuckled, "Claire, he's all right! Darned if he ain't younger than either of us."

He walked with the unconscious deliberation of the earth lover intent upon fixing in his mind every detail of the ample garden's topography and planting. Claire watched him until he disappeared behind the clump of mimosa trees hiding the garage, then heard his slow, clear voice in talk with their Japanese chauffeur-gardener. . . . "You could have daffodils in the grass, couldn't you, Shima? If the soil's rich enough?"

Claire was uneasy at that. Would he be a meddler? She liked the garden as it was.

HE settled that matter to her satisfaction at dinner, after he had politely sampled the soft, easily digestible foods Claire had ordered set before him and then slowly and happily disposed of a thick chop and a baked potato; "no pie, thanks," he resisted Biff's urging, "two days and a half on the train, no exercise and too much to eat. . . . I had time before supper, Biff, to pace off the metes and bounds of your property and see what you've got in the way of greenery. I noted a good bit of land, an acre or more, on the upper edge that ain't been touched."

"No, can't get enough help, Prof. I think I'll sell off three or four lots up there some of these days."

"They'd fetch more if you planted 'em."

"I know; but I'll get a profit out of them anyway."

"I was thinking maybe you and Claire might turn me loose up there—I'm supposed to be in my second childhood—and let me play with that acre."

"But, Prof., it's full of rocks and eucalyptus stumps?"

"So I noted; but I've found that a little brain work and long levers make a good substitute for brute strength. When I was a boy in the State of Maine—"

"Grandfather," Claire rose hastily, "we usually take our coffee on the balcony; would it be too chilly for you out there?"

"I can try it."

"I'll fetch a rug for you, Prof.," Biff went off for  
(Cont'd on p. 39)



"Wise, discursive, fascinating talk—Junior loved the slow melody of his voice."



# Back Where We Started

*Is Rotary sidetracked or on the main line?*

*By L. G. Merritt*

A LITTLE company of Rotarians sitting around an open fire not so long ago got to talking about Rotary. One of the number thought the Rotary club ought to be doing something for the town in a civic way, taking up one definite thing this year, something else next year and yet something else the year after, thus making itself a power for good in the community and by its strength and influence, "make the wheels go 'round.'"

Another thought we should spend more of our time educating our members in the objects and ideals of Rotary, while one fellow said he was satisfied with the fellowship and relaxation a tired business man gets at the weekly luncheons. There seemed to be a big difference of opinion as to what Rotary is all about anyway.

Finally, one man spoke up and said that sitting around the fire talking things over as we were doing was Rotary functioning in its original, healthy, and most effective way. He went on to say that the two or three men who originally founded Rotary, who thought about business problems and then talked them over together, had hold of an idea that we in our bigness are losing sight of but which, after all, has potential power to move the world.

The more I think of it the more I believe this man was right. There is something elusive about Rotary and while it has its objects and its code of ethics, we find Rotarians high up in its affairs who freely admit they cannot explain it nor account for the fascination it has for the men of all nations. If it all goes back to some one central idea, whatever that idea is, it certainly was present in that little original group in Chicago. Otherwise there is no accounting for the phenomenal growth of Rotary, Kiwanis, and other so-called service clubs.

It is vitally important that we discover the secret because it is the history of all big movements that, as they develop, the organization comes to regard itself as the main objective and,

what it stands for drops out of sight. Form, ceremony, and machinery that constitute the shell stifle the kernel which is the meat of the whole matter.

In an effort to discover this secret, suppose we note a few characteristics of the original group. They were business men. They were thinkers. They came together socially and discussed the ideas they had been thinking about. They were careful to see that they were not competitors in

business and could, therefore, talk freely. They recognized the fact that business, in its broad sense, is one of the biggest factors in our civilization. They realized that we are in the midst of far-reaching and fundamental changes. And, finally, finding the world's work becoming more and more highly specialized and each a specialist in his own line, they saw the importance of establishing, in their small way, a clearing-house in which the contributions of specialists might go into a common fund and solve problems that would remain riddles until all the elements of solution would be present.

Now, it is easy to assume a lot of premises and from them reason to almost any kind of a conclusion, but I believe that the things just stated about this original group are facts and that they are all we need to determine not only what Rotary really is but a practical method of conducting its operations.

We need spend no time upon the fact that Rotary is concerned with business affairs and is made up of business men, including of course the professions. It is important to remember that these Chicago men were thinkers and that they met socially and discussed the

things they were thinking about. That suggests the idea that as Rotarians and Kiwanians, we should be thinking and thinking hard about business problems, tendencies, changes, and opportunities. And while, as individuals, we are doing our own thinking, it is important to compare our ideas with those of other thinking business men, enter into discussion, and try to make our thinking bear fruit.

Right here comes in perhaps the most characteristic feature of Rotary and the same holds true of Kiwanis. It is the limitation of membership to non-competitors. One of the greatest and most far-reaching changes now going on in the business world is the shifting from a competitive to a co-operative basis. Not that competition will ever be eliminated nor that it would be healthful to eliminate it. But there is a striking resemblance in this relation of co-operation to competition in the American form of government, for instance, with its galaxy of separate states carrying on under a federal agreement. In business we have trade associations corresponding with the states of the union. In each trade association we have competitive units corresponding with our counties, towns, and cities in the government scheme. Competition is the prime mover in the trade association but co-operation has organized this competition and vested authority in the association.

Now, along come Rotary and Kiwanis and each local club picks a representative from each trade or profession in its territory. The membership does not consist of groups of competitors but of representatives from non-competing trade channels. Just as, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, forces were at work to organize the American states into a federal association, so, in our own times, business forces are federalizing the channels of trade.

THE national Department of Commerce, the Federal Trade Commission, the United States Chamber of Commerce are evidences of it. And in this movement Rotary and Kiwanis should be a tremendously important factor. They should put intelligence and moral strength into the units that make up the structure, the atoms and molecules of the substance. In the



"If a Rotary Club is not passing resolutions. . ."



same way that the New England town meeting shaped the policies of a nation, so Rotary and Kiwanis, free from selfish and competing influence, can shape a broad and constructive business policy in the business world.

Now, let me ask you, with this picture of our possibilities, our mission, and our tremendous responsibilities, are our local clubs taking their responsibilities seriously or are they frittering away their time with worthy and benevolent undertakings that are good enough in themselves but have little or no connection with the Rotary scheme of things? In the presence of so great a scheme, is welfare work or are boys or crippled children more than mere incidents for creating club interest and cementing fellowship in preparation for greater operations? There are other organizations for welfare work, but did any one of them, will any one of them ever figure as a fundamental force in the development of a world civilization? We have the opportunity and we give away our birthright if we fail to function.

Let us not leave ourselves up in the air, enveloped in a haze of generalities. Getting down to practice, suppose we quit worrying because our club doesn't get out and do something. We do enough as a club when we meet once a week and eat together and get acquainted. What needs to be done we must do as individuals. We must do a lot of thinking. We must read and keep ourselves posted about the changes that are coming upon us so rapidly. Join our trade association or national professional body. Keep in touch with our competitor. Stand for fairness and honesty in business. Also in our profession. Attend the district conferences and get our eyes open to the progress Rotary and Kiwanis are making. Then, when we meet once a week, let our programs bring out topics and discussion along the main line. If we have been thinking to any good purpose, we should be able to get up and talk about something that the rest would find interesting and profitable. When we get an outside speaker let us secure one who is an authority on a main line subject.

But when we have done all that, we are still missing something that was

present in the original Chicago group. Our organization is too big. Our club is too big. But when four or five of us sit around the lunch table or the fire-side and

open up our hearts and minds to one another upon the most interesting of subjects to a business man, viz: the problems that confront us, the solution of which constitute our contribution to prosperity, then we learn the secret that started Rotary on its way and must stay with it if it survives. What the town meeting was and should be to the government, the small Rotary group is to the Rotary scheme of things, and the same thing, I believe, applies to Kiwanis.

Under our new Rotary by-laws and Aims and Objects Committee plan, recently adopted, the set-up of numerous small committees, tied in with the officers and directors and giving each member a place in a small group suggests the very opportunity for keeping alive this vital and essential principle in the Rotary movement.

In one of our leading universities there is being tried out this year a plan of higher education under which group study and discussion take the place of instruction through lectures. In these days business men must be students. Rotary is a business man's university. Individual study and group discussion lie at the foundation.

**S**PEAKING now to Rotarians only, I think some of us may have become a little tired of platitudes and discussion of ideals. We know pretty well by now what Rotary stands for along that line. It is not altogether Rotary we are thinking about and that we wish to discuss in committees or groups and it is not Rotary that we want to fill our programs to the exclusion of everything else. What we are interested in is the business questions and economic changes that confront us as business men and Rotarians and that we must be prepared to tackle in true Rotarian spirit.

This view of Rotary is directly opposed to the idea that if a Rotary club is not passing resolutions or putting dynamite under city councils or sponsoring old ladies' homes, it is in its dotage. I say it is in that condition if its members belong to it year after year without, as a result of membership, increasing their business intelligence, their grasp of economic changes, their fitness to take hold of business problems, and their ability to apply Rotary principles.

The direct route to these accomplishments is through committee or group activity. Our committees, as now organized, should meet often. Their specific duties can be quickly dispatched and the balance of the time given to social exchange of views upon such

business questions as the club may be bringing out in its weekly programs.

I see great possibilities in the operation of the new by-laws, where the chairmen of the various committees are tied in with the officers and directors and the duties and responsibilities of the president are shared by a central committee. We are organized to function and will do so if we keep to the main track.

What are some of the subjects Rotary and Kiwanis clubs should be thinking about? With machinery capable of doing the world's work in four to five hours a day under proper distribution of effort; with the ratio of public-office holders to producers steadily increasing; with chain stores and installment buying in the foreground; with free-for-all competition giving way to huge combinations of capital and management; with farm, welfare, and labor blocs threatening the two-party scheme of government (in America) and rapidly changing it into a bureaucratic institution; with national spirit bound with tariff restrictions in conflict with free trade and a common level of humanity; with science and invention several generations ahead of the set up of government and human relations; with a thousand and one other problems to confound and perplex modern business; and with Rotary and Kiwanis organizations setting up principles and standards to be applied to the working out of these problems; how can any Rotary club, how can any Kiwanis club have a particle of doubt about the kind of work cut out for it.

There is always a wide spread between theory and practice. To accept this theory of Rotary or Kiwanis implies, I fear, more obligation and more time than we are willing to devote to it. No doubt we shall continue the same program we have been following. To most of us Rotarians Rotary is a social club. It offers means of getting pleasure and relaxation out of weekly luncheons and programs. There is very little demand upon our time, our hands, or our brains. Our idea of

(Continued on page 47)



"With national commerce bound with tariff restrictions."



"Some of us have become tired of platitudes. . ."

# A Financial Fable

## The Rising-Young-Business-Man and the Big Loan

By Frederic McConn

Illustration by Carey Orr

**A** CERTAIN Rising-Young-Business-Man, becoming dissatisfied with the way Things appeared to be stacking up for him, consulted a few of his Friends and was advised to consult the President of the Eternal Bank. The Eternal Banker had gained the reputation of mixing a considerable amount of Religion with his Business and appeared to be getting away with it.

So one morning the Rising-Young-Business-Man repaired to the Eternal Bank and without any preliminary discussion as to the weather or the crops, he said to the banker, "I want to borrow Fifty Years of Experience."

"Fifty Years of Experience? And what makes you think I have that much to lend you?" asked the Banker.

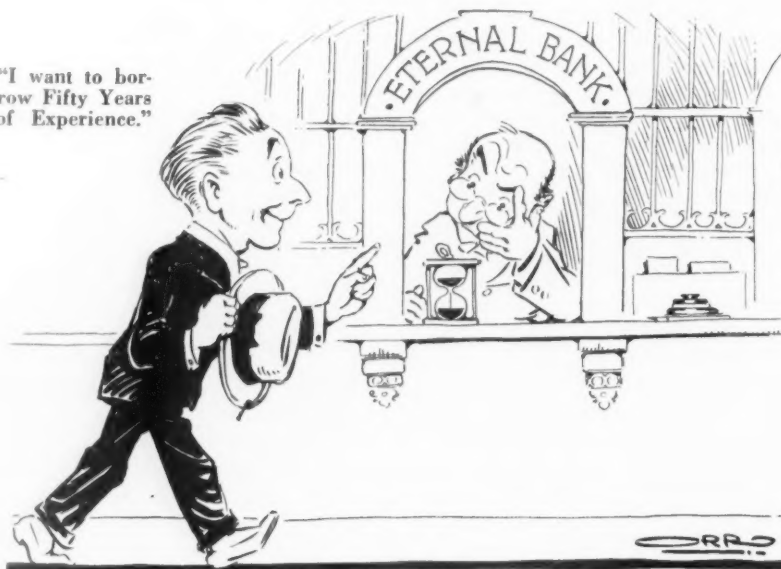
"Because I know you have from my knowledge of your Life and your relations with Men and Women. I know for years people of Every Sort have deposited in your Bank their Hopes, their Ambitions, their Good Intentions, their Love, their Successes, and even their Failures and Losses. Everything that Men strive for has been left on deposit in The Eternal Bank. Surely you must have a large Fund of Experience which you can loan to Any One who wants to borrow."

"You seem to know a Lot about my Business," said the Banker. What would you do with it if I made you such a Loan?" The Banker's Wife could never understand why he always wanted to know what a Borrower wanted to do with a Loan. It was a way of his.

The Rising-Young-Business-Man edged his chair closer and speaking in a lowered voice said:

"It is like this. I am making a Start in Life. I am trying to get on my Feet. I want to get along a bit faster and not lose a lot of Time making Mistakes. Mistakes are expensive. I want

"I want to borrow Fifty Years of Experience."



to make my Pile while I am young and not have to wait till I am old before being able to take mine Ease, you understand. I want to get rich quick and not wait till I am tottering around with a Cane. Youth is the Time for Success. Do I make myself plain?"

The words of the Rising-Young-Business-Man stirred some faint remembrance in the mind of the Banker of having spoken some such Tommy-rot himself at One Time. Was he, too, getting old, tottering perchance, as this young man hinted. He was not conscious of being old. Oh, well! And he yawned. He experienced a feeling of weariness and a rising desire to be away from this incessant demand upon him for Advice. He was not a Miracle Worker. Why did not People go to the Preacher instead of the Banker? What could a Banker know about Life?

He was aroused from his momentary reverie by a touch upon his arm by the Rising-Young-Business-Man and the repeated question, "Do you understand me?"

"YES, I understand all right. Let me see. Suppose I loaned you Fifty Years of Experience, could you give me Security for the Loan?"

"What Security do you require?"

"I would have to take your Youth."

"Oh, that's easy, I have lots of that."

"Are you willing to give up your Youth for Fifty Years of Experience?"

"Yes, why not?" asked the Rising-Young-Business-Man eagerly.

"Do you know what will happen if I make you such a Loan and take your Security?" continued the Banker.

"Sure, I do. I'll have Success and have it now, when I can make the Best Use of it. I'll do the Right Thing at the Right Time. That is the Secret of Success, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is. The Right Thing at the Right Time. Only it depends

somewhat upon what is the Right Thing and when is the Right Time. You know there have been Men who did what they thought was the Right Thing at the Right Time and ultimately it proved to be so, although their Friends and Enemies all thought they had made a Mistake. Men have been crucified for doing that Very Way."

"But I am talking business, not religion," exclaimed the Rising-Young-Business-Man.

"Very much the same Thing," said the Banker, smiling kindly. "But now suppose we set up this Proposition according to the terms I have mentioned. First I will take a mortgage on your Youth. You think you have Plenty of Youth to spare. In order to make this Loan pass the directors, I will have to have your Wife sign the Mortgage also and give up her Youth, too."

"Oh, she'll do that I am sure. I know women."

"Very well, then," said the Banker, "I will loan you Fifty Years of Experience, and when you have put it in your coat next to your Heart, you will be an Old Man like I am. Your hair will be turning gray. Crow-feet will be gathering about your eyes. When you came in this morning I saw you bounding up the steps two at a time. But now, then, instead of running out to meet Success with open arms, you will walk slow, with your breath coming quicker for the exertion."

(Continued on page 38)

# The Other Side of Athletics

*Is college sport a menace to student morals?*

**By P. W. Horn**

*President, Texas Technological College*

**I**N practically every instance where there is a Rotary club in a town where there is also a college for men, the Rotary club has taken an active interest in fostering athletics at the college. This interest is strictly in accordance with the interest which Rotary takes in boys' work, and is also in accord with the general plan of Rotary service.

In such cases, Rotary has always stood for clean athletics, just as it has always stood for high ideals along every other line of life. Rotary has been an exceedingly helpful factor in college athletics, as well as elsewhere.

It is worth-while, however, to call the attention of Rotarians and others to the fact that there is another side to the question of college athletics. The fact that one believes in college athletics and sees tremendous possibilities for good in athletic work, should not blind one to the further fact that there are certain well-defined dangers to athletics in college and elsewhere. These dangers are so real that they have caused many people to feel that college athletics should be abolished, or at least reduced to a minimum. I do not share in this sentiment but I nevertheless feel that friends of athletics should do all in their power to avoid the dangers which have been pointed out.

Of these dangers I would specifically enumerate four; namely, (1) over-emphasis, (2) professionalism, (3) the win-at-any-cost spirit, and (4) gambling.

Take first, the evil of over-emphasis. There are so many good things in life that a successful life should recognize all of them and give to each just that degree of importance which it deserves to have. Many things that are innocent, or even beneficial, in themselves, become evil when they are over-emphasized. It is certainly no harm to play a game of chess, but if a man plays chess all the time, he greatly decreases his chances of success. Going to church is, in general, undoubtedly a good thing; and yet a man might even go to church so much that church-going would become one form of dissipation. Even the best of things may be over-done.

A knowledge of football may be an excellent by-product of a college educa-

**MORE** than three million people, it is estimated, witnessed major-college football games in the United States during the past season. Add to these figures those for all branches of athletics in both major and secondary colleges and the staggering sum would indicate the tremendous importance that college sport has come to assume in the life of the college student. Is there danger of over-emphasis? Is professionalism threatening amateur athletics? Is the win-at-any-cost spirit destroying its value as a means of physical education? Is gambling becoming a serious menace to student morals? These questions are discussed frankly in this article by a college president.

tion; but a college education is a very poor thing if it is merely a by-product of a course in football. Any college is glad indeed to have students who can play football and who also desire a college education. It has, however, no place at all for students who are interested in football alone. It is perfectly willing for any such to go to school elsewhere. It is perhaps from this over-emphasis that most of the evils arise that are complained of in connection with football.

A second evil, which arises from the over-emphasis of football, is the evil of professionalism. For my own part, I am sorry that there is any such thing as professional football. We have had professional baseball for a considerable number of years, but professional football is a comparatively recent thing. I believe it would be far better for the sport of football if it were left altogether for amateurs.

All good colleges profess to stand against professionalism in football; and yet there is such a thing even in many of our good colleges. It comes in such an insidious form that it is not always easy to draw the line of distinction. An ambitious alumnus, or some other friend of the college, knows of a good

prospective football player and invites him to come to college. He even goes so far as to find a job for him. One line of distinction is to be found by observing whether the job is a real one or whether it is only a sinecure and an evasion.

For instance, if some good Rotarian has a place in his store where a boy can work during certain hours in the day, and can actually render fifty dollars worth of service, if the Rotarian allows some college boy to fill this place and requires him actually to earn the money, the Rotarian has rendered a great service to the boy himself and, incidentally, to the college. If incidentally, this boy knows how to play football, and is able to play football, his employer is helping likewise in the matter of clean athletics. The boy who plays football under these conditions, and who meets all the scholastic requirements for eligibility, is really an amateur player and is doubtless a fine fellow. The Rotarian who gives him the opportunity to do this is showing the true Rotary spirit.

**O**N THE other hand, if some man pays the boy two hundred dollars a month, and assigns him to a job such as the boys themselves refer to, as "winding an eight-day clock," then the job is merely an evasion, and the boy is a professional. Instances are commonly known where some boy who is the son of very poor parents, but who has developed ability as a football player, goes to college and enjoys all the luxuries of life. One case has been spoken of recently where a boy who is the son of a laboring man, and whose mother kept boarders for a living, goes to college, drives a fine motor car, lives in luxury and is a star player on the college football team. It is perfectly evident that the boy is not doing this on his father's money. Nominally, he holds a certain job for which he is paid a high salary. Actually, he is just as much a professional player as is the baseball player who reports from time to time to the treasurer of the club and draws a salary for the services which he renders as a professional.

The Rotary business man who gives a college boy a job at a salary such as he can reasonably earn in odd hours,

*(Continued on page 43)*



# Reflections of a Chinese Scholar

*Extracts from letters to his friend, Tseng-Ching*

*By Hwuy-ung*

THE people in the streets of this city seem to be always in a hurry; they appear to be flying in all directions, like hungry ghosts, seeking peace and rest. When first I noticed this, and the look of anxiety on their eager faces, I asked my cousin if any public calamity had befallen. For answer, he smiled and said: "No, Hwuy-ung, what is wrong with them is not enough to hang upon the teeth; each one fears he may be after the appointed hour to begin work; to deliver a message or to despatch a letter, to conclude some business—in most cases, matters of a few *taels*—or one or more of the Five Hindrances.\*" I replied, "They should receive in the heart the Master's† words: 'When internal examination discovers nothing wrong, what is there to be anxious about, what is there to fear.'" "That is so," replied my cousin. "They treat life so seriously that there is little hope of their being joyful." I then recalled to mind the words of our great sage Lāo-tse: "The people make light of death, because they seek to live in wealth." They take no delight in contemplating what is around them, their eyes being always fixed on something far away which they call happiness. They have no gladness in the sun's glorious smile, in the azure purity of the heavens, the soft charm of a peaceful valley, the solemn majesty of the mountains and the tender beauty of blossom and flower; nor do they find delight in acquiring wisdom and virtue. If their happiness dwelt in these gifts of Heaven they might say with the Master: "With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink and with my bended arm for a pillow—I have still joy in the midst of these things."

The parents of boys should be punished; for they are responsible, not? So it is customary in some of our provinces to rule-sin parents for the

\*The Five Hindrances in Buddhism are: Sensuality, Malevolence, Sluggish Mind, Worry, and Indecision.

†Refers to Confucius, wherever used.

ROTARY is often a mirror through which we see ourselves as others see us. We believe these extracts from the letters of Hwuy-ung will be of considerable interest, not alone for their quaint style and abundant humor, but because of the penetrating philosophy typical of the Oriental scholar. Certain of the letters will be of more specific interest to Rotarians because of the writer's dissertation on war and the plight of his native country; a father's relation to his son; and his comparisons of Eastern and Western civilizations. Hwuy-ung, Mandarin of the Fourth Button, one of the class of the *literati*, a scholar and social reformer, reached Melbourne, Australia, in 1899. The letters cover the period from 1899 to 1912. They were translated literally by J. A. Makepeace, a broad-minded missionary with the assistance of Tseng-Ching, the "elder brother" (friend) in China to whom Hwuy-ung wrote the letters from Melbourne. The extracts have been selected from the volume by Hwuy-ung, "A Chinaman's Opinion of Us and of His Own People" and are printed through the courtesy of the American publishers, The Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York. The British publishers are Messrs. Chatto and Windus, of London.

THE EDITOR.

misdeeds of their children. . . . The saying is true that "as a child is reared, so may its parents be known." In this country the father has not absolute power over his children; so they may defy him. This is the case with Ah-li\*, my cousin's eldest son. It was in the guest room behind the shop; my cousin was occupied with his buying-selling books, when Ah-li suddenly rushes in and complains that his small mosquito sister Meh-li† has taken plaything from him. His father orders him away, but boy stands up boldly and loudly discourses. The father then rises in anger to thrust him out, when the son overturns chair in his path, so his parent falls across obstacle and undutiful son escapes. The wisest of men and the great tortoise would have been weak with doubt regarding what should be done. The noise brings the mother, who laughs until tears fall down from her eyes. Then my cousin, with pain rubbing his knees, becomes more irritated. She replies angrily and defends the boy. To prevent violence between them, I desire to be peace-maker; for my endeavors, both abuse me and I retire. In truth this not is as was desired by the Master, when he said:

\*Harry. †Mary.

"Happy union with wife and children is like the music of harps and lutes."

I HAVE had pleasing discussion with my teacher, Wang-yun, who calls himself Mr. (pronounced *Mi-sta*) Wang. I said that as the Western countries send shepherds to teach us, for what reason we not send our satiated scholars, like my honorable elder brother, to instruct people in this place in some things they are ignorant, as filial piety, propriety, and other subjects.

Wang said: "They would be derided, pushed about and finally persecuted with blows and kicks, as was Ah Kow, the eating-house keeper. Their speech would strike laughter by its errors, quaint turns and false tones. The translations of the classics would be in Pidgin, full of false characters; making them ridiculous. People would care little

for maxims; every nation has good supply and all of them perfect.

Hwuy-ung said: "That may be said of foreign shepherd in the Flowery Kingdom,‡ who yet are unmolested and, because we believe them sincere, are respected. In the words of Meng-tse: 'Never has there been one possessed of complete sincerity who did not move others. Never has there been one who had not sincerity who was able to move others.' These shepherds sent here would be brave men, chosen for mildness and courtesy, able to converse in the tongue of these people as well as their own orators. Their translation should be in the purest style. They not be listened to, for what cause?"

Wang said: "The beautiful laws, 'Do to others as you wish them to do to you' and 'Love one another,' all nations have; they admire them, but not practice them. They are as fine statues, without life. To preach these laws is easy; to apply them is difficult."

Hwuy-ung said: "Good; that is true; nevertheless the earnest preaching of worthy men will move some hearers to change words into acts. If a bell I not strike, it not ring. I would

‡China.



## Two Sages

By Li T'ang



From  
Tang, Sung, and  
Yuan Paint-  
ings Belonging  
to Chinese Col-  
lectors: By  
Berthold Hauf-  
er: Published by  
G. Van Oest  
and Company,  
Paris and Brus-  
sels.

have the parents exhorted to train children in virtuous work, ways and deeds, and filial piety."

Wang said: "For what good? The example of others would with myriad voices render unheard the father's whisper. No, the Western nations esteem themselves superior to the black-haired race. With their soldier-ships and big guns they can send all our ocean ships to the dragon's palace. They can sweep away myriads of enemies as a flood will wash away a village."

Hwuy-ung said: "Destruction is not ideal of humanity. Men are superior only when they create; not when they destroy. He that makes others good and happy obeys the mandate of Heaven."

Thus we discoursed, with little profit; in truth, it was like climbing a tree to seek fish.

Though the . . . sage declares that "there are no righteous wars," defending one's origin earth I consider is righteous. This possibility he could not

think up. Lâo-tse said, "Arms, however beautiful, are instruments of evil omen; hateful, it may be said, to all creatures." It was not having these arms and not knowing their power that brought us to our now time ten parts bad state. Our wise men taught us to conquer by giving example of social order and happiness, that other communities might desire to imitate and enjoy our peaceful existence. This was possible in conditions of those times. We not had knowledge of other people; they not know us. Seas, mountains, and deserts were as high walls around us. No one came for good much century. After long ages one man name Mah-ko-po\* came. After no more until the foreign shepherds. Western nations lived in caves, had covering of skins. They were few, always killing each other. Thus with our peaceful civilization we called them "barbarians." We satisfied and happy thus, not disturbed. Other nations in modern times come in fire boats and see we not have arms, but have good

much people, they want to do trade. The men of Ying† force the deadly drug upon us. Then begins trouble. These men brought the Holy Book in one hand and opium in the other. Millions of our people are slaves to the drug. Yet the foreign shepherds tell us that their Son of God taught them to "overcome evil with good" and "unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek (to) offer also the other." Gautama Buddha whom many of our countrymen follow, also said, "overcome anger with kindness; wickedness with good actions." These are all *You* thoughts. I middle-believe that some who look solemn and repeat precept for others to practice, are laughing within themselves. But those who first spread the doctrine had sincerity. There are many with the countenance of a Buddha have the heart of a snake.

\* \* \* \*

Often I go to the big building in the city where myriads of books are stored and where a person may enter and choose book to read. (Cont'd on p. 51)

\*Marco Polo.

†England.

# New Rotary Service-Stations

*A definite, comprehensive, and systematic plan for extending Rotary in the United States*

*By Paul H. King*

*Member of Extension Committee of Rotary International*

THIS year's Committee on Extension regards the establishment of new Rotary clubs in the United States of America as being as fully within its duties as the organization of clubs in any other part of the world.

The committee, with the approval of the board of directors, has worked out and is putting into execution a plan which makes the organization of new clubs in the United States a very definite activity in a particular month, the month of February—Rotary's anniversary month—being especially designated for the bringing into being of new Rotary units of service.

This plan is based on three fundamental principles:

First, Rotary has a mission to perform in the world and those in America who have realized and partaken of its benefit are inspired by the missionary spirit to take it to those in America who haven't it.

Second, a new club or "Rotary Service-Station" should be organized in every community, regardless of its size, capable of furnishing the necessary number of classifications and of supporting a club which will function with true Rotary efficiency.

Third, the multiplying of units for the carrying out of this mission is one of the first and most obvious duties of Rotarians. Rotary has no professional organizers reaping pecuniary profits from the organization of clubs. The only compensation of those who extend Rotary is the joy of accomplishment and service.

The plan as suggested to the several district governors is:

First, to make a "prospect" list including, of course, those cities and towns covered by already-approved surveys. We have a tremendous asset in our 735 approved surveys.

Second, after canvassing the situation thoroughly, to set a goal of a definite number of clubs to be organized during the year.

Third, to assign each "prospect" to an existing club in a neighboring city or town, or at least in one which is fairly accessible,

and to give the existing club the opportunity of sponsoring the organization of the new club. If there are not prospects enough in any section to give one to each club in the vicinity, two or more existing clubs may be asked to act jointly.

Fourth, to appoint the district governor's special representative from the sponsor club and to get him into action immediately.

Fifth, for the special representatives to make the surveys of any unsurveyed cities and towns as early as possible.

Sixth, when a survey is approved, to have the chairman of the organizing committee complete the organization without delay and to bring in the new club as an anniversary gift to Rotary during the month of February, which is designated *Rotary Extension month*.

The advantages of this plan are three-fold:

First of all, it makes the work of Rotary Extension definite by fixing a *definite method*, a *definite time*, and a *definite goal* for the organization of new clubs in each district.

Second, as will be seen, this plan makes it possible not only for the district governors and the special representatives to have an active part in the organization of every new club but it gives every Rotarian and every existing club an opportunity to further the cause of Rotary by active work in Rotary extension.

Third, it not only *emphasizes* Rotary Extension and *concentrates* activity but it *systematizes* the organization of new clubs within the districts, bringing under close scrutiny each community in which a club has not been organized. There is no question that Rotary has overlooked the opportunity to carry its message to many a community which does not have a Rotary club and which *needs* one and would *want* one if fully aware of its benefits.

This plan is meeting with a most favorable reception by the district governors and we bespeak for it the most cordial cooperation of every club and of every Rotarian.

Let us make the work of Rotary Extension this year the finest and best it has ever been.

# Talbot County's Investment

*A unique example of rural-urban cooperation*

*By William Draper Brinckloe*

I'LL begin at the beginning.

Six men sat around the table in a shabby little insurance office: editor, insurance man, real estate developer, architect, engineer and fire chief. . . Rotarians? No, not just yet; Rotary didn't reach our little Eastern-shore town of Easton until a few months later. But the unselfish work which they were doing, was highly Rotarian; a service that may be worth the attention of many a club, in many a city or town.

"Committee 'll please come to order," said the chairman, briskly. "Well, I reckon we all know why we're here; still, we'll just run over the situation so as to be sure we know what we're up against. . . Chief, s'pose you tell us about it."

The Fire Chief rose slowly to his feet. "Well, gentlemen, I'm no public speaker—an' I can't tell it as it ought to be told. But here goes! There isn't no better little fire-company than our own. We got a good engine, and the boys are always right on the job. So far's the town goes, everything's safe enough. But how about the rest of Talbot county? There's at least fifteen thousand head o' folks livin' outside of the town—farmers, mostly. Every so often, a farm-house chimney catches fire, or lightnin' strikes a barn, or somethin' like that. Well, they telephone in to me. 'Chief! My home's on fire. Bring the engine out an' save our house!'"

"Say, it seems almost criminal to have to answer, 'sorry, but we are not

allowed to take the engine out of town. That is, unless the Mayor says so. I'm afraid it's no use to ask him'."

The Insurance man nodded briefly. "That's so, Chief; but it isn't the Mayor's fault. If he lets the engine leave town, the underwriters will raise the rates; and then there'll be a howl from the business men."

"Exactly!" growled the Editor. "The business men will raise an awful howl if their insurance costs them twenty-five dollars more, but they won't bat an eye when a twenty-five hundred dollar barn burns up, and yet almost every dollar they make comes from the farmers."

"Well, that's that," said the Real-Estate Developer, shortly. "But say, Chief, would your men be able to furnish a crew for a special country fire-engine?"

"Would they? Well, I should say so! They're terribly sore at having to be criticized for not answering country fire-calls. They'd be anxious to show what they could do, if only they had the chance!"

"What would an engine cost?"

"Why, I figure you could get a good triple-combination pumper, chemical and hose-truck, with say a thousand feet of hose, for something like \$5,000."

"Very well. Now, Mr. Chairman, I move you that we call ourselves the Talbot County Fire Engine Committee; and that we go out and raise \$5,000 by popular subscription, to buy a county fire-engine."

That's the way it started. The committeemen, full of enthusiasm, called on the county commissioners and extracted a promise of \$500, if \$4,500 more could be raised. The town council somewhat dubiously appropriated \$500; and about \$1,500 was pledged by various well-to-do farmers.

But the idea of a rural fire-engine was hard to sell. "Give you a subscription? Not a cent!" snapped one wealthy farmer. "I live ten miles out; my place would be burned to the ground before your engine got half-way there." Other farmers denounced the idea as a selfish scheme to get a second fire-engine for Easton, and thereby lower the insurance rate still more. "Besides, as soon as the novelty wears off, the Easton firemen will stop taking the engine out into the country. In six months, you won't be able to get a crew, especially in stormy weather."

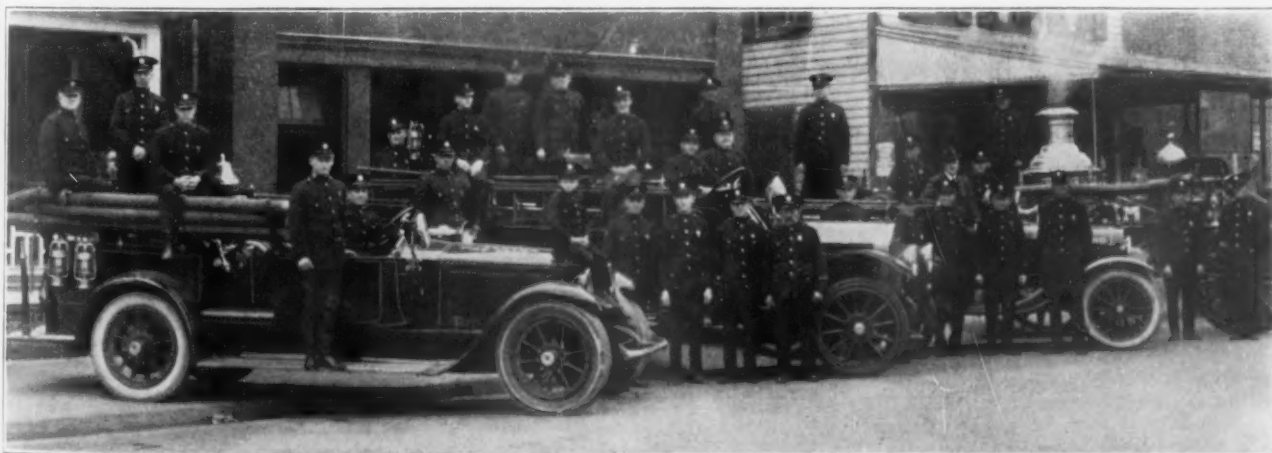
BADLY discouraged, the committee met, and considered the matter. Only about half the necessary money had been pledged; it seemed impossible to interest the people.

"I move we pay back all subscriptions and disband," said the Insurance Man.

"Guess there's nothing else to do," grunted the Engineer.

"Looks that way to me," said the Real-Estate Developer. "There's no use——"

"Wait a minute, fellows!" interrupted the Architect. "If we haven't  
(Continued on page 45)



The volunteer fire department of Talbot County, Maryland. Three members of the crew are Rotarians. Two of the fire trucks are for county service, since twice as many calls are received for county service than for service within the city.





Nine thousand pieces of wood, each one cut by hand, represent a small part of the work that went into the making of this model of the Corner Tower, of the Forbidden City at Peking. At left is S. S. "Steamship" Kwan and at right is E. H. "Griff" Grooms. Both are members of the Rotary Club of Tientsin, China, and the photographs were taken just outside "Steamship" Kwan's private workshop in Tientsin. Four models have been brought to the United States and plans are now under way to build an elaborate replica of the Forbidden City of Peking.

## Out of a Tientsin Workshop

*By Arthur J. Burks*

I AM not a Rotarian, but if I live long enough, or I become important enough in my classification, or live somewhere where there is only one of my kind, I will be! I have just returned from a brief sojourn in China where, in Tientsin, I was so fortunate as to receive an invitation to take a look-see at Rotary in its lighter moments. I attended a dinner at the Astor House Hotel. The chairman was Mr. E. H. Grooms, who returned to America with me on the S. S. "President Jefferson," and it was he who invited me to attend. The speaker was an eminent Dutch engineer, and I wasn't especially interested in what he had to say—which had to do with river conditions in Northern China—but I was interested in Mr. Grooms, and in Mr. S. S. Kwan, at whose table I was privileged to sit. It just happens that I returned to the States on the same liner with both of these gentlemen, and, being somewhat of a curious person, both by instinct and profession, I dug

out a lot of information about them and what they intend doing in the United States—and it promises to be a-plenty!

Incidentally, despite the fact that I am not a Rotarian, I have copied at least one practice of theirs which I think to be good. I call Mr. Grooms, "Griff," and Mr. Kwan, "Steamship"—those being the nicknames by which they are known in the Tientsin Rotary Club. Griff is an American who has spent more years in China than has "Steamship," who is a Chinese, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and between them they are quite a combination—a combination that, to me at least, was replete with all sorts of possibilities. At least I can say, without fear of contradiction, that they certainly mean business.

They brought back with them to America four models of Chinese buildings—an Imperial Corner Tower, a Throne Room modeled after the Throne Room in the Forbidden City, a replica of the Temple of Heaven, and one

other, modeled after a building which is unfamiliar to me, there being quite a few buildings in China which I did not get around to inspect in my brief visit. These models took months to build, "Steamship" tells me, and after a visit or two to his workshop—his hobby workshop, not the workshop from which goes forth the business for General Public—I can well credit the statement. He has a corps of artisans in that workshop, Celestials with expressionless faces—whose fingers are the fingers of genius such as no Westerner can comprehend. "Steamship's" Number One Boy—who lacks some fifty years of being a "boy" as we understand the term—once labored on the real buildings in the Forbidden City, Peking, during the régime of Tzu Hsi, the late Empress Dowager of China. He supervises the work of model building, being in turn directed by the brain of "Steamship" Kwan, and the result of their combined labors is enough to make the Westerner gasp. "Steam-

# A Hope Epidemic

By Strickland Gillilan

ONE afternoon as I left the regular weekly meeting of the Baltimore Rotary Club, I caught myself grinning along the street at something somebody had said as I was leaving. It had been a happy meeting. The speaker had talked common-sense (may as well give the man credit by name—it was Howard Witmer of Lancaster, then our district governor) but he had not failed to tincture his serious, common-sense talk with cheer and hope.

As I went happily along the street toward my office, I met people who were either enemies of mine or next door to it; people who had come so nearly estimating me correctly that I didn't like them very much. And those people looked at me with a half smile that grew into the real thing. I spoke to them without rancor in my heart, without attaching any importance to the fact that maybe they were not deeply imbued with a sense of my importance. I felt kindly tolerant and neighborly toward them; they felt that friendliness telepathically, and responded to it in kind.

I saw faces change from blankness or bitterness to liveliness and hopefulness, as I swung along and greeted them. I met one man whom I had always wondered whether to speak to or not. Most of the time I hadn't spoken to him, and he and I had both gone on each saying to himself "Snob! High hat *me*, will he? I'll show the poor deluded egotist." This time we both spoke—I first—and both felt better. Each one went on saying to himself—at least I did—"I guess I've been taking that fellow all wrong. He isn't such a lemon as I've been thinkin' him."

And why was all this? I hadn't got to be any better chap underneath than I had been. My fundamental aim in life had not changed. The other chap hadn't changed his. But I had been seen by him going along the street looking happy, with a happiness that came from the inside; a happiness that unintentionally proclaimed my hopefulness to the world. It had had its effect. I do not know how many people I met and thus influenced in that four-block hike to my office. Only the ones I knew personally were the ones who registered on my memory. There

may have been a score more of them similarly affected.

Now I am not fool enough to believe mine was the only one of some two hundred faces leaving that luncheon as a firebrand of good cheer running among the dry grass of human susceptibility. I venture to say that of the two hundred twenty-five leaving that place more than a hundred went away smiling; the windows of their soul lit up with the hope-flame from that inward candle lighted by Ernie Baugh's introduction of a new member and Howard Witmer's sensible and constructive address.

IT all started me to thinking—anything that starts me to thinking must be rather startling! But this did. It started me thinking and calculating how much good any organization does to a community that turns from fifty to two hundred fifty smiles loose on the streets of its town at the close of the luncheon hour when a good many people are on the streets shopping or returning from their own midday meal. Who knows how many what's-the-use citizens have taken heart of hope from the sight of another human who advertises unintentionally that he has hope, that life is sweet to him and holds out a prospect for continued happiness?

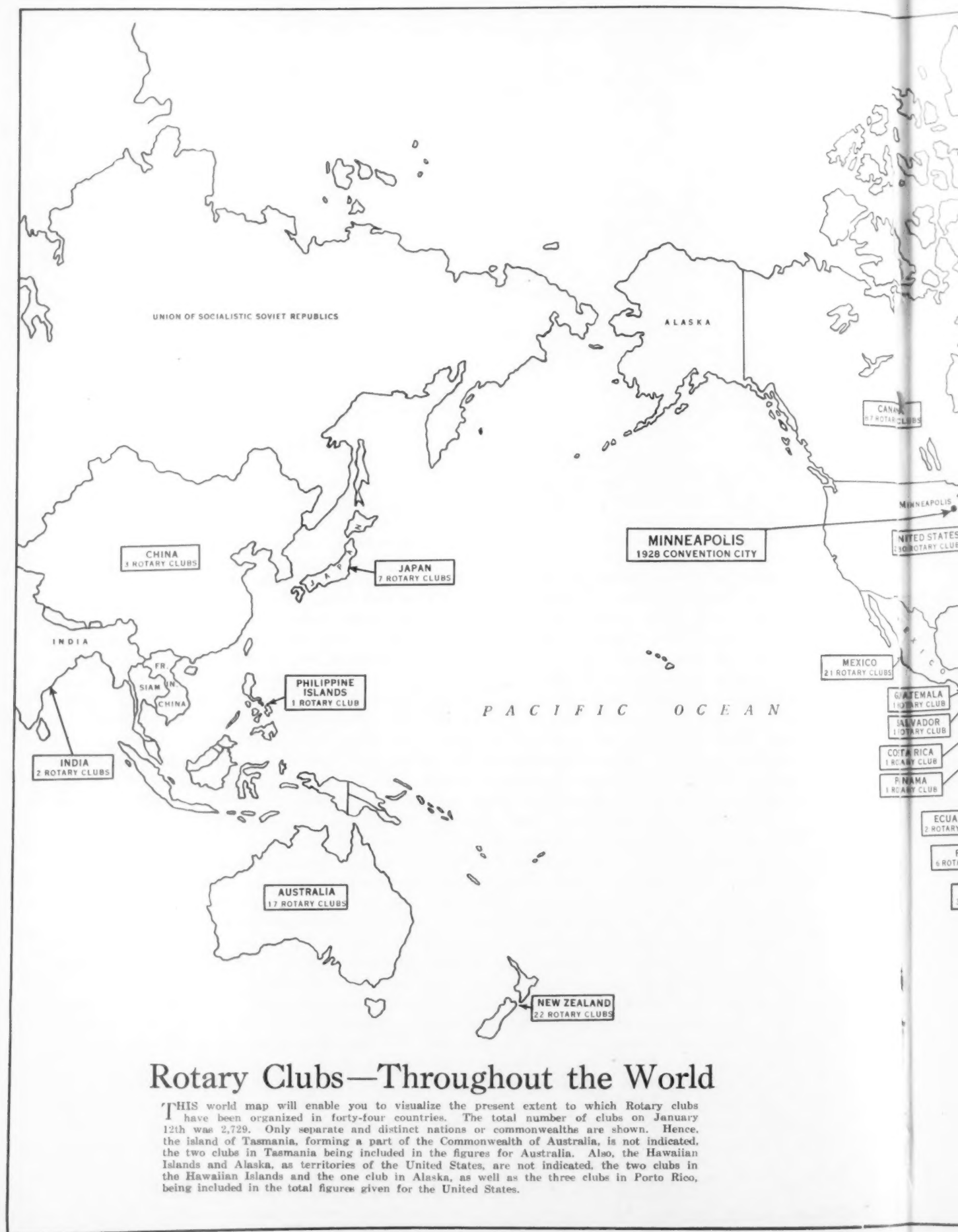
All of which leads to the conclusion (so inevitably that it is almost an insult to your intelligence to mention it) that Rotary meetings should be meetings in which cheer and hope and the courage of optimism should be stressed as much as they intelligently can; not that Pollyana-ism ought to be advocated, but essential hope—a firm belief in the eventual rightness of things that now are wrong or so seem to us with our (perhaps faulty) adjustment to things as they are.

But some one must carry the smile to the place

Whence the others go out to the street  
And hang it on many another's face—

And see that the world is sweet!  
So here's to the spreaders of care-free smiles  
That gladden our world today;  
Who gild with their humor the mournful miles

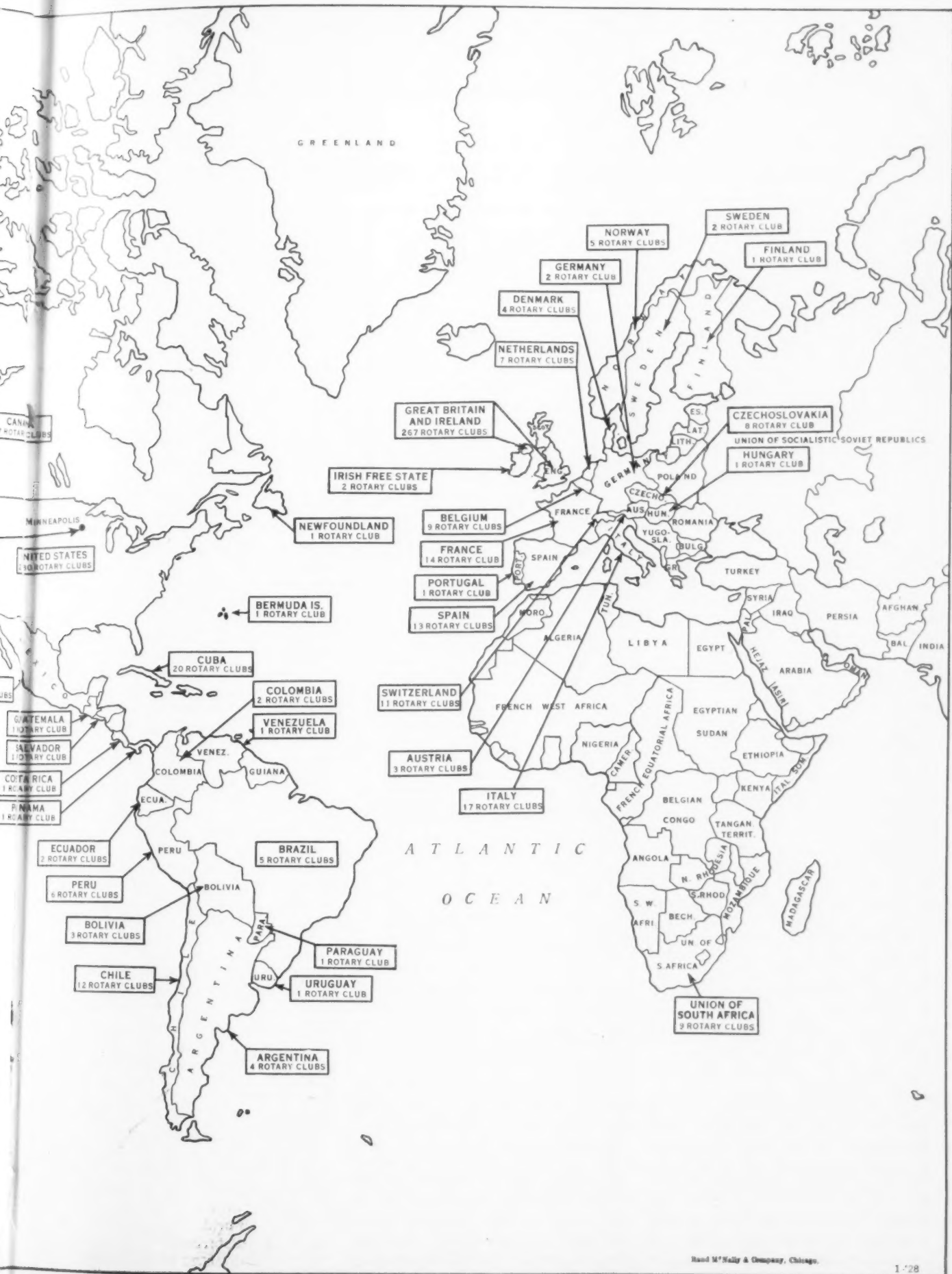
And teach us their roundelay!



## Rotary Clubs—Throughout the World

THIS world map will enable you to visualize the present extent to which Rotary clubs have been organized in forty-four countries. The total number of clubs on January 12th was 2,729. Only separate and distinct nations or commonwealths are shown. Hence, the island of Tasmania, forming a part of the Commonwealth of Australia, is not indicated, the two clubs in Tasmania being included in the figures for Australia. Also, the Hawaiian Islands and Alaska, as territories of the United States, are not indicated, the two clubs in the Hawaiian Islands and the one club in Alaska, as well as the three clubs in Porto Rico, being included in the total figures given for the United States.







### Welcoming the New Rotarian

THE president welcomes the new member into the club. In a few words, he expresses the pleasure of having him become a member of Rotary for the purpose of helping to carry on the ideals of the organization. Then he mentions several important things, that, as a new member, he should be thinking about. After these remarks, the president asks the chairman of the educational committee to take charge of the program.

The chairman of the educational committee states: "As our president has welcomed you into the club, we likewise express our appreciation. The Rotary club is sometimes referred to as a general service club, but it is more than that; it is a *distinctive service* club. It is justifying its existence not as a mere social organization, but because it has definite objectives, which are applied to and by the varied life of each individual member of all Rotary clubs throughout the world. Each member of Rotary does not live to himself alone, he cannot do so if he desires to. In his own local club, the community of which he is a part looks at him rather closely because he is a Rotarian, and his influence may be felt through the local club, district, state, national and international organization. He is a fundamental part of the world organization. It is true we think it is an honor and a privilege to belong to Rotary, but we believe it is more—it is an *opportunity*. In order that you, as a new member of this club, may have visualized briefly this opportunity several members of the educational committee will stress briefly the six objects of Rotary concerning which you have already learned and which may be summarized as follows: (1) Fellowship; (2) Square Deal; (3) Distinctive Service.

Rotarian——will say a few words concerning:

(1) *Fellowship*—"We meet once a week around the luncheon table where friend meets friend, and we come to know and understand each other better. This is the fellowship and the friendship which helps us to know one another better. However, as we talk with other Rotarians, we realize each one has problems in his craft, business, and profession to solve. We come to

**"TALKING it over"**  
*Across the conference table has solved many individual and group problems, corrected many thoughtless practices. This department of your magazine is intended to do the same things. It will succeed to the extent that both club officials and individual members enter into frank discussion. Contributions to these columns will be welcomed.—The Editors.*

understand his solution to many questions and frequently we can aid by our own suggestions. Through these contacts, we have enlargement of our vision. This is one of the things we need in our daily contacts in order to realize the importance of business friendships and to appreciate our fellow business man's point of view. As you come to know your fellow-Rotarians, you shall find them friendly, congenial, and appreciative. However, all of us differ personally in temperament, opinions, objectives, but as true men, we believe in growth and development, otherwise we cannot meet with success in our business undertakings. As Rotarians, we desire to foster these ideals and apply them rigidly in their best form to our individual activities. Through these activities, our friendships are strengthened, and we realize that we are helping to develop the ideals and objects of Rotary."

(2) *The Square Deal*: "You have heard Rotarian——mention that one of the fundamental ideals of Rotary is the spirit of brotherhood based upon the principles or concepts of friendship and fellowship. Another important concept for Rotarians to remember is the espousal of the square deal. It is important for the new member, as well as all of us, to hold those words ever before us. The words square deal or fair dealing are not new but to a Rotarian they are a norm by which we are to measure every contact in relation with our fellows. We recognize the honor, responsibility, integrity and nobility of every legitimate trade,

craft, business, and profession; otherwise, Rotary could not exist. However, these essential economic activities mean that through them each Rotarian is enabled to render a genuine service to society. He exalts his particular activity by rendering a square deal in his relation as employer, employee, buyer, seller, or in whatever capacity he may exercise his relationship.

When we really understand our individual and collective responsibilities, then we know that the way we are carrying on our work, business, or professional activities, to the best of our ability, is an influence in strengthening and developing our civilization, and at the same time determining the indices of our character. For the Rotarian it is but another way of interpreting the square deal not in terms of selfish enterprise, but in helping to bring up society to a higher economic plane.

(3) *Distinctive Service*: "Rotarian——has told you about the importance of the square deal, that there is an ethical dealing in business, craft, and professional activities. The selfish man does not always think of these things. The objects of Rotary not only teach us to know about fair dealing but to practice it. For my part, it is my task to remind you that brotherhood and square dealing are empty words and concepts unless they are expressed in *distinctive service*. We say distinctive service because the word service is used so commonly today that at times it becomes a meaningless word, when it should be used as one of the most important, beneficial, and purposeful words. Rotary does not use it in a common-place sense. There is a platitude which has for each Rotarian a distinctive meaning, "What we put into Rotary we get out of it." However, so that you may derive much from Rotary fellowship, let us always remember the golden rule of fellowship and the square deal to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. Let us not think of the golden rule in any other terms but those of mutual and helpful service.

We render this distinctive service as we strive to do our part faithfully and well in our daily tasks, in business, in the family, in the community, state, nation, and world. Let us not forget that we are Rotarians."

CHARLES W. HEATHCOTE.

West Chester, Pennsylvania.

# Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

*"Chic" Sale—an artist whose service it is to remind humanity how laughable and likeable humanity really is!*

A ROTARIAN—let's call him Bob—had spent the morning in a conference of high-pressure salesmen, all of them hard, slick, shiny, keen, and brittle as glass. They didn't talk or act like human-beings, but like mental machines—or so it seemed to Bob, who was a small-town man himself.

After the first hour of it, Bob almost forgot to listen to what they were saying, in the intensity of his hope that he might catch even one of them just once forgetting to be a super-salesman and remembering to be human.

He didn't get his wish, and the conference broke up about eleven-thirty with every one of them still in character, just as keen—and just as cold—as when it had started.

Bob had a craving for human companionship after that, and he was delighted to remember that it was Rotary Day. He would meet some real fellows there; fellows who would leave their pompous little poses, if they had any, back in the store or office, and come to Rotary just as they really were—not as captains of Commerce or as hierophants of Service—but simply as human beings disposed to be friendly. It would be a great relief, after a morning of super-salesmanship!

Two casual business associates detained him for a few minutes in the lobby of the hotel. Each of them had a "new one" to tell, and commercial courtesy compelled Bob to bring sickly smiles to his face at the conclusion of both bits of banal salaciousness.

If he had been bored with human-nature before, now he was inclined to be a bit contemptuous of it. He wasn't at all in the right mood, and he sensed a sort of stiffness in his own manner as he mingled with the early arrivals.

To make matters worse, when he had taken a place at a table, and turned to the printed program, he found that

By Charles  
Henry  
Mackintosh



Charles "Chic" Sale is well known to the American theater-going public for his inimitable impersonations of characters reminiscent of the country school. His home is in Scarsdale, N. Y., and he is a member of the Rotary Club of Scarsdale. In oval—"Chic" Sale as the U. S. Civil War veteran, in his sketch based on Ida Tarbell's "He Knew Lincoln."



men couldn't best be captured by off-color anecdotes and suggestive stories.

Unfortunately, there were always a few fellows, in so large a crowd, who would greet such contributions with that high-pitched whining laugh which means that they have "registered;" and so the "entertainer" would be encouraged to dig a little deeper into the dirt.

Bob had half a mind to get up and go; and half became three-quarters when he noted that the particular artist of the day was a headliner in a revue then playing at a local theatre. The show's title alone told a fellow what sort of "slush" to expect, if he had had any experience at all with entertaining out-of-town customers, as Bob himself frequently had.

Despite his state of mind, however, Bob stayed in his seat. It would be more trouble than it was worth to get up and go now; and, after all, he was master of his own mind and didn't need to let it be infected by the poisonous sort of stuff he expected to hear pretty soon now.

The meal was finished by one o'clock, and the chairman rose to introduce the entertainer. Bob listened with bored

(Continued on page 44)

there was to be no talk that day, but instead they were to be "entertained" by—as he expressed it to himself—"one of those rotten-minded revue artists!"

He thought that he knew the type. They were always warned by the chairman of the day, of course, that Rotary was no mental garbage-pail, but just the same these "artists" never could seem to get it clearly through their heads that a crowd of several hundred





# EDITORIAL COMMENT

## *I Thank You All*

WITH this issue of THE ROTARIAN the undersigned retires from the responsibility which he has held as editor and business manager of this magazine for the past seventeen years. Pending the announcement of other arrangements by the Board, Emerson Gause, in his capacity as managing editor, will be responsible to the Board of Directors for the editorial conduct of the magazine, and Frank R. Jennings, recently appointed business manager (in addition to being advertising manager) will be responsible to the Board for the business management of the magazine.

I take this opportunity to express my thanks to Emerson and Frank for their helpful assistance to me in the production of a magazine which would carry forward the message of Rotary. Also, I take this opportunity to express my grateful appreciation to all the readers of the magazine who have found it a worth-while element in our organization. Without the encouragement of those Rotarians who have been and are reading the magazine its continued production would never have been possible.

*Shirley R. Ferry.*

## *Losing the First Love*

NO more lamentable charge was ever brought against a church in the history of Christendom then that which we find in the rhapsody of St. John with which the Bible closes. In addressing the church in Ephesus he writes: "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."

To have known the brilliant influence of a great enthusiasm and to have felt it dwindle into a dying flame—this is the most terrible tragedy in existence. And yet it is all too common. It is the father of cynicism; it is the creator of all divorce courts; it makes men old before they are aged.

One of the finest traits of Rotary is its insistence upon attendance. There are dissenters who would modify the rigor of our rules, particularly for those who long have labored in a club. But it is this very thing which puts the organization on a different level from some other bodies of men. If, without sacrificing standing as a member, one can go through the chairs and relapse into "innocuous desuetude"—to steal the picturesque phrase of Grover Cleveland—what a lot of dead wood the real members will have to carry! But when a man remains in Rotary only so long as he possesses his first love for the wheel and the code, the Rotary movement will retain its youth and its zest.

There was a chap once who made his living pan-handling the musical fraternity from town to town.

He had the look of a man who had been somebody and he always approached his victim with the plea: "I used to be an organist." He would add that he was out of luck and needed a stake. This simple story brought him a not inconsiderable income. But once a musician more hard-headed and hard-hearted than the rest said to him: "Why aren't you an organist today? You're able-bodied. Come with me and I'll try you out." "No," interrupted the beggar. "I am no longer an organist. The monkey died."

Don't let anything die that was ever a part of your enthusiasm. For enthusiasm is life. When Rotary meetings do not "get you" as they once did, see what is wrong with you. You are leaving your first love. Don't criticize the exuberance of your fellows; don't find fault with your neighbor; look within.

A great philosopher once wrote: "Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm." Be a part of the Rotary movement. And if your spirit wanes, don't try to amend its rules to keep you in it on a lower level. When you find the old fervor gone and the last ember growing cold, do the decent thing and clear your classification for some one else.

## *Looking Into the Future*

SOME American cities are giving closer attention to building up public good-will towards their police forces.

One city has come to the conclusion that best results will be secured by recruiting the police force from college graduates, especially those who have an inclination toward social service.

Another city is making a particular drive to get the children to come to look upon the station-house as a community center and the policemen as their friends. For this purpose Christmas tree parties have been conducted in station-houses.

Other cities are giving especial recognition to those members of their police forces who have distinguished themselves by brave and meritorious service.

Still other larger cities single out one member of their police department each month who has rendered brave and outstanding service and award to him a "distinguished service" medal carrying with it a monetary reward.

These are steps in the right direction.

We want our police department to be efficient and to command the respect of law-abiding citizens, and at the same time act as a preventative agency to the criminally inclined.

We want peace and good-will locally as well as internationally.

Someday, let us hope, warfare against criminals may be replaced by social cooperation.

# ROTARY EVENTS

*of International Interest*

**A** PROPOS of the portrait of Colonel Lindbergh which appears as the frontispiece this month, it is of interest to note that the Rotary clubs in both Mexico City and San Jose, Costa Rica, paid high honor to the intrepid aviator, aptly termed "America's Goodwill Ambassador." His arrival at Panama City marked the completion of 35,000 miles in 407

## Lindbergh

flying hours, including his trans-Atlantic flight. In the thirteen days immediately preceding his landing in Panama, he had visited six countries in slightly less than twenty flying hours. In his daily article written for the *New York Times*, dispatched by Tropical Radio, he referred to his visit with the Rotary Club of San Jose. "From the legation we went to the luncheon of the Rotary club in the Union Club Building. Here I was able to make the acquaintance of the leading business men of San Jose, a very fine group."

## Forty-fourth Country

January 16th marked another milestone in Rotary extension. On that date the Paraguayan Flag was added to the cluster of forty-three flags represented in world Rotary. Paraguay is thus the forty-fourth country, and Asuncion the forty-fourth city to hold the honor of being the first club in a new country in Rotary. Dr. Zoilo Diaz Escobar, prominent Paraguayan attorney, is the president of the new club at Asuncion. Dr. Escobar, legal representative of a number of large South American corporations with headquarters at Asuncion, is also a member of the Paraguayan Senate. The Secretary, Rogelio S. Livieres, is a well-known "Escribano Publico" (notary) in the capital. The membership of the new club is twenty-five and with the exception of one member of German nationality, all are native Paraguayans. In addition to the various officials and guests from other South American clubs, Ferdinand Hyza, assistant secretary of commerce of Czechoslovakia, on a special mission to South America for his government, lent assistance to the inauguration of the new club. He is a member of the Rotary Club of Prague.

## "On-to-Minneapolis"

During the week of February 5th to 12th, Rotary clubs throughout the world will focus attention on Minneapolis. Capital of the Rotary world for one week (June 18 to 22), Minneapolis will draw the attention of all Rotary clubs in this world-wide preliminary program. Thousands of folders calling attention to the wonderland of the Northwest (U. S.) and the advantages of a convention trip have been placed in the hands of all club convention committees by the Minneapolis Rotarians. The Rotary Club of Minneapolis will devote its entire program on Friday, February 10th, to convention matters. Special features so far being planned for the coming convention are: Special assemblies for the discussion of all phases of Rotary; special assemblies for the discussion of phases of proposed Rotary legislation; internationally known speakers for the main sessions; entertainment features peculiarly characteristic of the Canadian and American Northwest.

## Pacific Conference

Plans are being made by the Rotary clubs of Japan for the Pacific Rotary Conference to be held in Tokyo on October 1 and 2. The conference is being sponsored by the Rotary Club of Tokyo and the program is being prepared with special emphasis on those questions of specific interest to Rotary clubs in countries bordering on the Pacific.

The first Pacific Rotary Conference was held in Honolulu in May, 1926, and at that conference it was unanimously decided to hold a similar conference every alternate (even numbered) year.

Unusual interest is being shown by the Rotarians of Japan in the coming Pacific conference and much has already been planned toward arranging entertainment features especially characteristic of Japanese customs. The Imperial coronation ceremonies are scheduled to take place on November 7th at Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, and this magnificent spectacle with its background of historic precedent, will afford considerable interest to those who are enabled to remain after the Rotary Conference or return later.

## Winnipeg Meeting

As the first Rotary club to be organized outside the territorial limits of the United States, the Goodwill Anniversary meetings held by the Rotary Club of Winnipeg, Canada, have always proved an interesting attraction—especially for visiting Rotarians within an easy distance of Winnipeg. This year the International Goodwill meeting will be held on Saturday, February 18th, at 6:30 P. M., at the Fort Garry Hotel. The principal address will be delivered by Arthur H. Sapp, president of Rotary International, and all Rotarians are cordially invited. The secretary of the Rotary Club of Winnipeg, J. E. Tulloch, 608 Paris Building, asks to be notified prior to February 15th by those Rotarians planning to partake of Winnipeg's hospitality.

## Premier Speaks

Premier Tanaka, of Japan, and Secretary to the Cabinet Hatoyama, were guests of the Rotary Club of Tokyo on November 30th. The president of the club, after thanking the premier for honoring the club by his presence, invited him to say a few words. During his discourse, he stated:

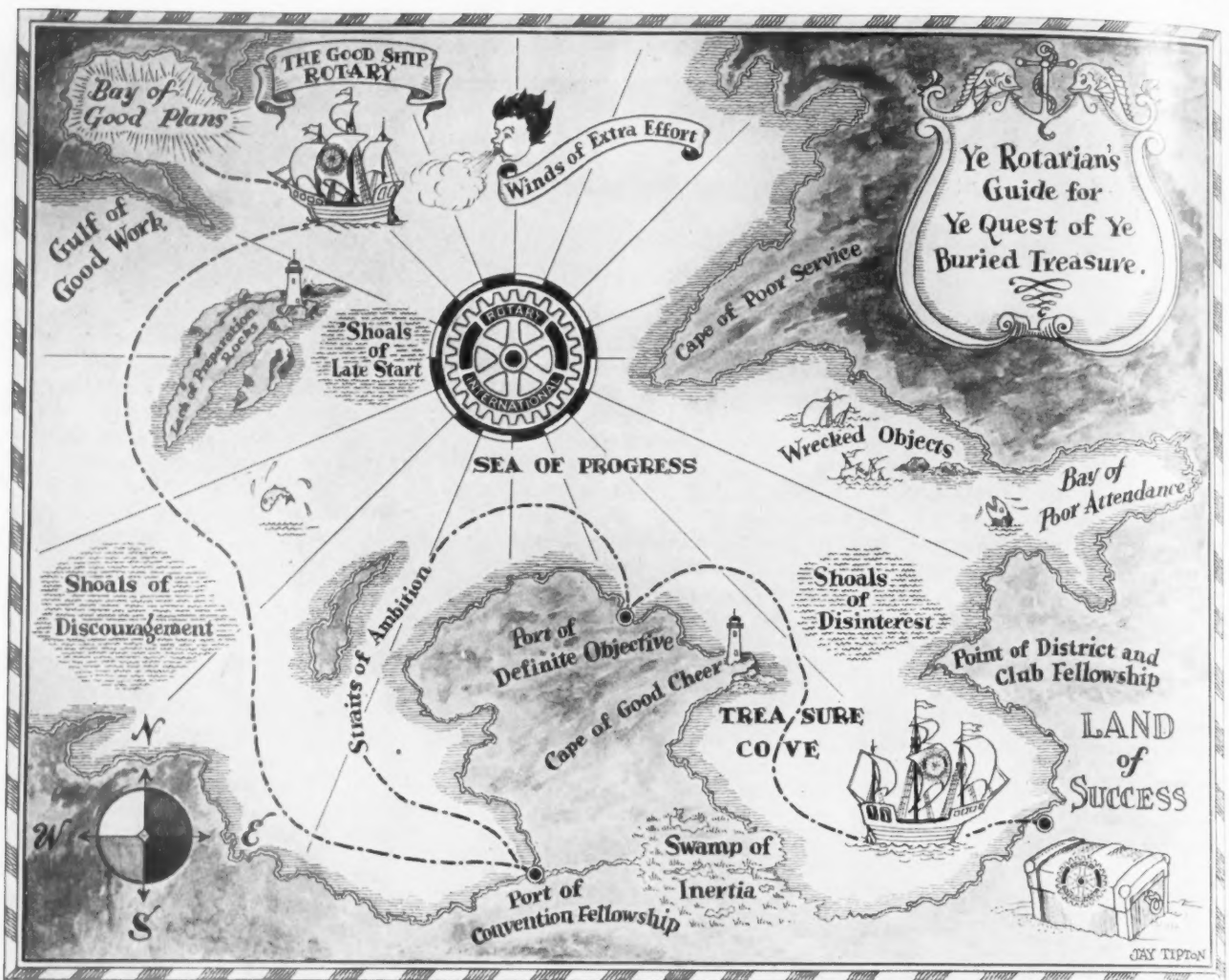
"I am especially pleased to learn that this club was built upon the foundation of the Ideal of Service, and I cannot but feel that such an organization exactly meets the need of the world today.

"The true idea of Service is voluntary self-sacrifice, based upon noble ideals and convictions—or it is the spirit of that idea, 'it is better to give than to receive.'

"If one undertakes to do any work as an individual, as a citizen, or as a man of the world, with this spirit of Service, it is certain that he will reap mutual benefit.

"The Japanese have long been a people known for their spirit of self-sacrifice, and in this spirit we do not fall behind any nation in the world. Without being pressed or having it forced upon us, from our own free will and determination, and in the belief of finding one's self in losing one's self, gladly, contentedly, we have offered ourselves for the good of the country.

"This spirit, deeply rooted in our nation, is, I believe, identical with the



A moment's study of this map and chart of the cruise of the "Good Ship Rotary" should revive memories of the shoals and swamps and rocks encountered in club administration, those problems which loomed large as obstacles before the "Port of Definite Objective" had been reached. The map is printed through the courtesy of the Rotary Club of El Paso, Texas, U. S. A.

Rotary Ideal of Service. In this sense, it is not an exaggeration to say that the whole of Japan is one great Rotary club.

"The reason why the Rotary club has so easily taken root in Tokyo and other cities in Japan is because the Rotary ideal responds to and coincides with our national spirit.

"Of late, however, owing to the current tendency towards insincerity and shallowness, some of our people are forgetting the noble spirit characteristic of the Japanese, and are losing the sense of service and sacrifice.

"I may say it is not in our country alone, but all over the world that this spirit seems to be waning and individualism is growing stronger, while fellowship and cooperation are gradually disappearing.

"At such time as this, an organization like Rotary, upholding the Ideal of Service, can stimulate anew the national spirit, show loyalty to our country, and at the same time strive to establish permanent peace and the happiness of humanity, by promoting international fellowship and cooperation.

"Thus, I believe that the Rotary movement will play an important part in remedying the evils of the time and in uplifting society. I hope, therefore, that you Rotarians will continue your activities in the realization of your ideals."

#### Directors Meet

1. Various special committees and committees of the Board will meet during the three days immediately preceding the Board sessions. These committees include: Administration, Publications, Redistricting, Appropriations, Election of Clubs, and the special committee which was recently appointed to give consideration to the matter of a permanent Rotary headquarters building.

Questions of policy, matters relating to the extension of Rotary and the various publications of Rotary International are among the many items on the agenda for the coming meeting.

#### District Conferences

During the next few months sixty-seven district conferences will be held throughout the world. The district conference is chiefly distinguished from other Rotary events in three ways: (1) The opportunity for fellowship with Rotarians of your own state or province (usually comprised in a district); (2) the opportunity for discussion of Rotary administration matters—local and international; (3) the selection of the nominee for district governor.

The following is a list of district conferences to be held outside the United States and Canada where dates have been definitely determined upon. A list of conferences to be held in the United States and Canada will be published in the March number.

DISTRICT	CITY	DATE
3	Mexico City, Mexico	March 18, 14, 15
25	Havana, Cuba	March 5, 6, 7, 8
53	Palmerston N., N. Z.	Feb. 29 to March 4
55	Pretoria, S. Africa	April 2, 3, 4
64	Santiago, Chile	April (first week)
65	Hobart, Tasmania	March 6



# ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." — *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

## *Mexican Clubs Collaborate in Publication of Book*

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO.—"Mexico" is the title of a book whose purpose it is to give the world a true picture of the Republic. In it there will be chapters on the geographical, economic and social aspects of the country; chapters on the music, poetry, and art of Mexico; other chapters will give the history of Rotary in Mexico. Every Rotary Club in Mexico is aiding in the compilation of this volume.

## *Establish Medal for Distinguished Service*

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.—A distinguished-service medal to be awarded by a committee selected by the Service Clubs Council, will be given every two years to that Berkeley citizen who has made some definite, outstanding contribution to the world in the field of international relations, business, education, art, or other activity. No re-

quirement is considered other than that the candidate be a resident of Berkeley. Members of the Berkeley Rotary Club took the initiative in establishing this medal which is a memorial to the late Rotarian, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president emeritus of the University of California.

## *Wild Bird Refuge Is Memorial Plan*

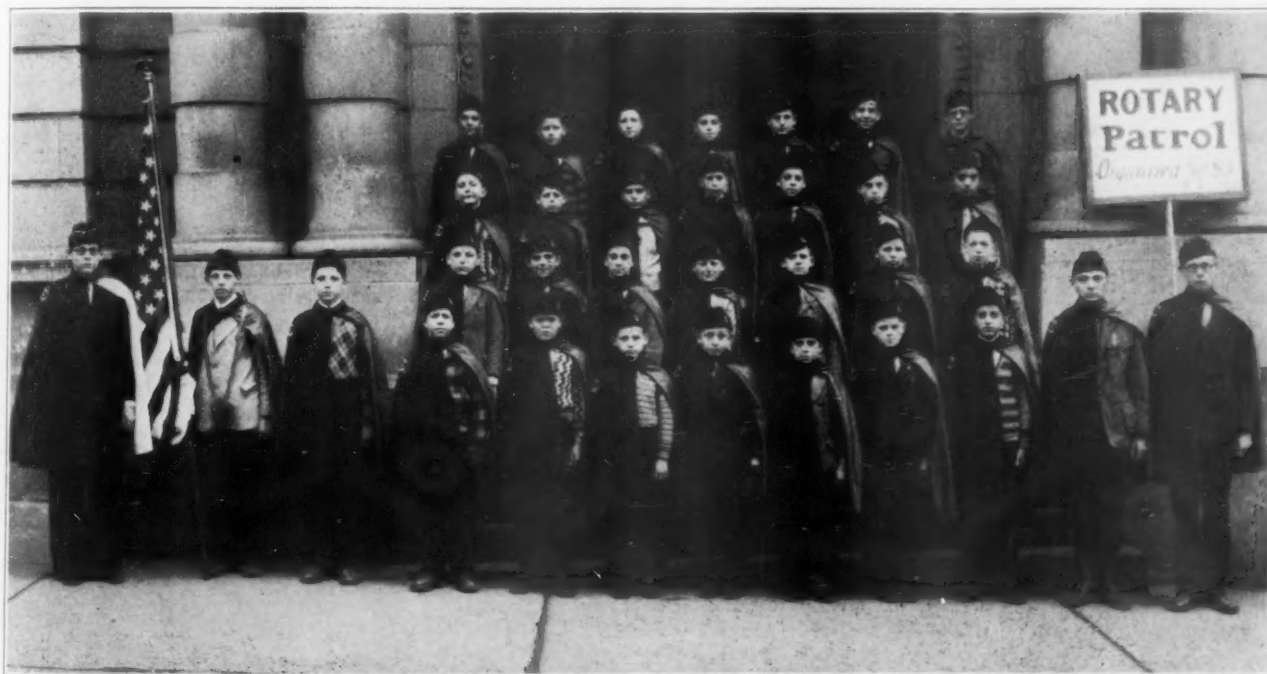
ITHACA, NEW YORK.—To commemorate the work of the late Dr. Louis Agassiz Fuertes, an internationally known authority on ornithology, and member of the Ithaca Rotary Club, a wild bird refuge is being planned. The refuge will consist of a large enclosure surrounded by a tall fence, and is to be erected on Cayuga Lake which is a favorite stopping-place for wild ducks and geese on their way either north or south. In the enclosure there will be decoy birds to attract waterfowl for food and shelter.

## *Organize Campaign Against Drug Evil*

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA.—Aware of the threatening aspects of traffic in drugs, Buenos Aires Rotarians have been devoting a series of meetings to plans for educational propaganda against the use of drugs. Letters have been sent to the Ministers of War, of Justice, and of Public Instruction soliciting their cooperation. Posters have been printed pointing out the serious consequences of the drug habit. These will be placed in schools and all public institutions.

## *Hold Infantile Paralysis Clinic*

DOVER, OHIO.—More than fifty children in Tuscarawas County who were crippled by the recent epidemic of infantile paralysis were examined at a Rotary clinic held recently. In most cases, medical men in attendance, prescribed complete rest, and stated that



These boys, chosen because they are outstanding in their studies, are part of a police patrol of fifty recently organized in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, to aid the police department in decreasing the number of juvenile accidents in those congested parts of the city in which schools are located. Four boys and one sergeant are on duty at each corner before school, during the noon hour, and after dismissal, and have full power to make arrests where necessary. Once each week the patrol is drilled in military movements; a regular court-martial is established for insubordination. This patrol, sponsored by the Rotary Club of Pottsville, was organized with the cooperation of the police department and school officials. There have been no accidents among school children since the formation of the patrol, a great contrast to previous years.



One hundred and seventy-five consecutive 100-per-cent meetings is the world's attendance record held by the West Point, Mississippi, Rotary Club, which for the third and final time was awarded the "District Cup" for the highest attendance within the Sixteenth District. Unusual sacrifices were necessary at times to make the attendance perfect; men on vacation trips drove considerable distances to keep up their attendance, one man driving a distance of a hundred miles regularly for several weeks. To replace the cup which they won, West Point Rotarians have offered another cup to the club in the Sixteenth District, excluding their own, making the highest percentage of attendance for the year. On the table are some of the trophies awarded these thirty-three Rotarians since the organization of their club four years ago

properly supervised massaging would be of greatest aid in strengthening the affected parts of the body. Pointing out that those crippled in this manner often consider themselves handicapped when in a regular classroom, members of the state department of education who attended the clinic, arranged for holding classes in homes with provision for special teachers.

### **Two Hundred New Homes Solve Housing Problem**

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—One of the largest suburbs of Wellington, known as The Hutt, has for the last few years been suffering from a housing shortage which has threatened serious social and political trouble. To correct this condition nearly two hundred homes have been built during the last eighteen months, and another hundred will be constructed very soon. These are sold on a long-term purchase plan, buyers paying from twenty to twenty-five shillings each week. Workers with children are given preference in the sale of these homes. Families that formerly lived in tenements now have homes and gardens of their own. Wellington Rotarians as a club and individually have helped to plan and build these homes.

### **Two Hundred Students Aided Report Shows**

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS. — Eighteen students, beneficiaries of the Student Loan Fund were guests of honor at the annual student-loan-fund program of the San Antonio Rotary Club. Brief talks expressing gratitude for the assistance given were made by several of the boys. A résumé of the work of the Loan Fund Committee from its beginning in 1921 shows that a working fund of approximately \$38,000 now exists. Of this amount \$35,000 has been loaned to about two hundred students.

### **New Highway Is Occasion for Inter-City Meeting**

BERGAMO, ITALY.—Late autumn saw the completion of an excellent new highway between Milan and Bergamo. To celebrate its opening Bergamo invited all the Italian Rotary Clubs to inspect the new road.

### **Philadelphia Presents Scholarship for Shanghai**

SHANGHAI, CHINA. — Each year Shanghai Rotarians offer a scholarship of two hundred and fifty dollars for that graduating member of the Shang-

hai American School who is adjudged the best all-round boy. This year the Rotary Club of Philadelphia received a check from the Shanghai Rotary Club drawn to the order of a freshman in Haverford College. Accordingly the Rotary Club invited the winner to a meeting where the presentation was made by the Chairman of the Student Loan Fund Committee.

### **Spanish Rotarians Visit Portugal**

LISBON, PORTUGAL.—From Madrid, Barcelona, Bilbao, Gijon, and Vigo, there travelled to Lisbon recently seventeen Rotarians and their wives. Members of the Lisbon Club had invited all Spanish clubs to spend a week in Portugal as their guests. Several Rotary banquets were held, flags were exchanged; visitors were given excellent opportunity for trips through the city and far into the surrounding country.

### **Find Positions for Parentless Boys**

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND. — "Small-sized youth wishes to learn boot-repairing or would accept position as messenger, etc."; "Age 14½, Birkenhead boy, sharp, wishes to become apprenticed as a joiner"; "Age 15½, medium sized

boy, anxious to obtain a sea-going berth." Such are the notices that appear each week in the publication of the Liverpool Rotary Club. Under a system called "The War Orphans Scheme" Liverpool Rotarians are using their influence to obtain positions for needy boys.

Believing that a serious effort should be made to reawaken interest in Liverpool art, the Liverpool club has been sponsoring a series of exhibitions to aid and bring before the public, Liverpool artists. It was two years ago that this work was started; today their scheme has taken definite shape in the form of a permanent art circle. A circulating scheme for loaning paintings, etchings, and sculptures is also being planned.

### 103 Boys Eager to Join Band

SPRING CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.—Some said that nearly half the boys in Spring City were there that first Saturday morning. One hundred and eight of them were assembled in the old mill, some of them came with new harmonicas with the bright wax of Christmas tree candles still upon them; others came with old harmonics battered and devoid of all paint. Spring City Rotarians had decided to start a boys'

harmonica band and Spring City boys had assembled for their first lesson.

### Canadian Ice Carnivals Net Neat Sums

VANCOUVER, B. C.—This year Vancouver Rotarians will have more than \$8,000 to devote to their Rotary camp for tubercular children and other welfare work as a result of their fourth annual ice carnival. A rink structure seating 10,000 persons was sold out several days before the event through a carefully planned drive under captains, all having their own districts. On a rink constructed of artificial ice the Victoria (B. C.) Rotary Club staged a carnival which has given it three thousand dollars to be used for financing extensions to the Queen Alexandra Hospital for crippled children at Millbay, Vancouver Island.

### Sunshine Health Camp Given Aid

MILES CITY, MONTANA.—Sun baths, hikes through pine-covered hills, and the good wholesome food of the Sunshine Health Camp under the direction of the Montana Tuberculosis Association, have started nineteen girls between the ages of 8 and 13 years on the way to health. With the assistance of the Miles City Rotary Club the

Association was able to provide a camp for these girls who came from as far as 150 miles. Members provided tents, utensils, and all equipment needed to outfit the camp. More than a score took a day off to haul the equipment out and make this ready for the arrival of the girls. During the summer small parties of Rotarians regularly visit the camp.

### Clubs Exchange Letters; Provide Programs

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.—Twelve members of the Greenville Rotary Rotary Club wrote to as many members of the Auckland, New Zealand, Rotary Club telling them all about Greenville, especially its Rotary activities. Twelve Auckland Rotarians in a like manner replied to these letters and told the South Carolinians all about their club. On an appointed day both clubs devoted a program to the letters which they had received.

### Members of Calf Club Show Their Stock

AUBURN, ILLINOIS.—A long row of calves, each one carefully brushed and groomed for exhibition; beside each one a youthful owner bristling with self-importance, anxiously waiting and hoping for a ribbon award. Auburn



Typical of hundreds of Rotary Christmas parties was the party held in the Waldorf-Astoria for the children of New York City Rotarians. Twenty-five girls, students of a New York school, dressed as brownies, elves, and fairies, romped and played with the younger children under the direction of Dr. E. G. Angell, famous "play wizard." To the left of Santa is Raymond J. Knoeppel, director of Rotary International; at the right, seated, is Clarence Darrow, noted U. S. criminal lawyer



Rotarians with the assistance of the Auburn Business Men's Association were entertaining these boy and girl members of the Auburn Calf Club. For the winners there were ribbons of various colors, each with a cash value to make it more exciting and interesting. Friends of the calf club contributed the money for the awards.

### Many Excellent Attendance Records

The Escondido (Calif.) club has achieved two years' consecutive one-hundred-per-cent meetings. According to this magazine's correspondent in Escondido, the two-year record was completed on October 4th.

Other clubs have recently reported some unusual attendance records. The club at Bentonville, Arkansas, celebrated its fifty-second consecutive 100-per-cent meeting with a special program. From Christopher, Illinois, comes the report of a similar performance and its celebration by a banquet which was attended by more than 300 Rotarians. Then from Cranford, New Jersey, we have a report of the celebration of the fiftieth consecutive one-hundred-per-cent meeting. Two hundred and seventy-five Rotarians representing twenty-nine towns attended the banquet at which this achievement was given recognition. We also learn that the club at Terra Alta, West Virginia, has recently completed a year of 100-per-cent meetings, and that this record was fittingly celebrated during December.

In the Eleventh District, which includes most of the state of Iowa, a silver shield is being circulated. This

IN the January Number there appeared two articles setting forth two opinions on boys work, in answer to the specific question: "Do boys need Rotarians as pals?" The article setting forth the negative side to the question was written by Dr. Joseph Rauch. The article setting forth the affirmative was written by George W. Olinger. In view of the fact that there has been a misunderstanding on the part of the readers of THE ROTARIAN as to whether or not the two articles were independently written, this opportunity is taken to state that Mr. Olinger's article was a reply to the article by Dr. Rauch. The latter's article was before Mr. Olinger as he wrote his reply; in fact, Dr. Rauch's viewpoint had received considerable publicity, having appeared in the press and also having been printed independently in pamphlet form. In view of the misunderstanding, this statement is being made in fairness to Dr. Rauch.

The Editors.

will be awarded to the club that makes the best record on an attendance and mileage basis; the number of Rotarians taking the shield from club to club being multiplied by the distance traveled. Thirty-four Iowa City Rotarians made up a total of 4,800 miles' travel when they took this shield to Davenport.

Another trophy is traveling in the Twenty-seventh District—a handsome cup donated by the Medina, New York, club in 1925 which becomes the permanent property of any club that wins it for three quarter-year attendance records of the district in succession. During 1927 the winners were Medina, New York; Kenmore, New York; and Trenton, Ontario. The cup was taken to Trenton recently since the club that holds it must pass it along whenever a better record is made. Each winning club has its name engraved on the cup.

Then for recent individual achievement in attendance we have the report from Troy, New York, where Rotarian Arvie Eldred was presented with a handsome prize by his fellow-members. He had completed more than ten years of perfect attendance. While this record has been surpassed in Rotary circles, it is still an unusually good one.

### Picture Is Basis for Classification Test

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.—On the back of "The Journalette," Minneapolis club publication—there appeared in one issue recently a small picture of a man, woman, and child, with a number of arrows leading from the margin to various objects in the picture, such as articles of clothing, golf bag, etc. Club members were asked to test their knowledge of classifications by writing at the end of each line, the name of the Rotarian in whose classification the article belonged. The next week a correct list of classifications was published.

## A Financial Fable

(Continued from page 16)

"When your wife becomes a party to this Mortgage which I take upon the Youth of both of you, at that very moment pass away the Hopes of Children and Children's Children.

"Oh, but see here, Mr. Banker!"

The Banker went on relentlessly. "Listen, Oh, Young Man. Suppose with this Fifty Years of Experience, you should gain One Hundred Years of Experience or more. It is quite possible! You will want to come back I presume and repay the Loan, and then what?"

"I could get back my Youth of course."

"No, my Friend, it does not work like that. The Rules of the Eternal Bank are, that when a Man borrows a Lifetime of Experience, and then comes back and wants to reclaim his Security, his Youth, he finds that he can not get

it back. He has to leave it here for the benefit of Others. I did not make the Rule, you understand, I am just telling you."

"What must I do then? I must have Success. I've got to have it now," cried the Rising-Young-Business-Man almost tearfully.

"I will tell you," continued the Banker quietly. "It is not so hard. Just open an account with this Bank. Put into it Your Experience as it comes to you daily as much as you can spare. Presently you will begin to accumulate a Rich Fund of it. You may be able to do a little Loaning of It yourself. In this way you will have your Youth and your Success too. How does that strike you?"

"It sounds all well enough," said the Rising-Young-Business-Man, as he arose and prepared to depart. "But

since you started this Eternal Bank there have been discovered a lot of New Ways of doing Business that you evidently don't know about. I think I can get what I want Elsewhere."

"Yes," replied the Banker, "I think you can get what you want over at the Fakirs National and the Bunkum Trust. And then there is the Hunch Exchange and the Sure Thing Securities. Try them."

"All right, good-bye."

And so departed the Rising-Young Business-Man with the Snappy Ideas.

MORAL: Read Omar Khayyam:

*The Moving Finger writes and having writ,  
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word  
of it.*

## The Seventh Age

(Continued from page 13)

it at once, as if he feared Claire might send the old man to bed; and draping it across the thin, long legs in the Morris chair, placed where the street lights of Babylon made a glittering pattern below, he prompted: "I'd forgotten that the Bateses originated in Maine?"

"My father left the State in '44," the professor said after a short silence, in which he sensed the conflict between the two—Claire afraid that if he got started he would ramble on indefinitely, and Biff really interested. "It was when I was a boy of seven. We moved to Indiana, and father bought a farm. I think of those days as the golden age, what Hesiod called the simple, patriarchal age, and of the turmoil of the Civil War in which we lost the farm, before moving to Missouri, as the brazen age of violence. Well," he checked himself, "my eyes won't let me read much nowadays, but I see where Europe is still quarreling and fighting—Bolsheviks, Bulgarians, Serbians and Greeks, China all upset, and the navy ship conference at Geneva breaking up in a row between America and England."

"You don't think things change much, eh, Prof?"

"No. Still, common-sense, patience, and sufficient leverage will move most anything, in time. . . . What size lots did you think of laying off up on the hillside, Biff?" . . .

THE professor descended to his room and busied himself with his methodical preparations for bed, tucking in just a tiny chew when he saw the cuspidor, quoting, "I love to sweeten my mouth with a piece of tobacco before I go to sleep"—only preacher John Cotton had said "Calvin" instead of "tobacco!" He mused:

"Claire will need some managing, but I'll get along with Biff. I mustn't babble in front of Claire about old times; she has what they call an education, but no historical perspective."

Upstairs, Claire was saying, "I don't think we ought to allow grandfather to risk his life and limbs on that rocky hillside."

"Oh, let him give it a try," Biff argued. "Shima has promised to find a careful man to help him do whatever he wants to do up there, and I'll go with him tomorrow morning, talk over laying out the lots and see how he handles himself."

"But your business? You can't be bothered by—I can do that."

"Tomorrow's a holiday; and, any-

way, Babe," Biff took his wife by the shoulders and grinned at her, "I'm going to make the prof. part of my business. I've got a hunch he's not so senile as you think. He's right about the lots."

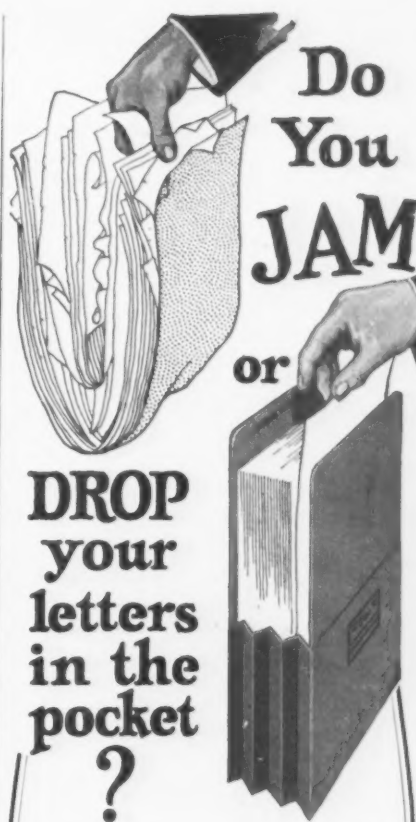
In his old army flannel shirt, sleeves rolled up, overalls and laced boots, Biff went out from breakfast to find the professor, who had been exploring the stumps for an hour. "All ready, Prof.!" he called. "Where'll we begin?"

"Let's begin by sitting down, Biff. Seems to me we've got to use our heads a bit first: visualize this hillside cut into lots and planted so's to give each owner something different, make each lot distinctive, and preserve a sort of privacy that's necessary to self-respect. We've got to figure out where the houses ought to stand, where the women would like their flower beds, their vegetable patches, their clothes-drying lines, and where the men would like their garages. We've got to consider the wind and the sun—'both sweet things, brother,' but do we have to plant so's to break the wind and provide shade?"

"Things like that, Biff. . . . Well, let's say four lots, a central driveway, vines over some of these stumps and rocks—break up the rest of the rocks for foundation material and low rubble walls. A court effect? It might be best; and have something to say about the architecture. Get the people you want as neighbors to buy the lots. Well—" the professor drew from his coat pocket a carefully wrapped plug and cut a small triangle; before he pocketed the plug, Biff held out his hand:

"You tempt me, Prof. Claire don't know it, but I sometimes chew on fishing trips and when I play golf." He helped himself.

They sat in the sun, talked, sketched rough plans in the dirt, proposed, debated, rejected a dozen arrangements; they verified with a line, measurements that Biff remembered vaguely. Except that the rhythm of his movements was slow, the professor seemed as vigorous as the young man. He said he had slept soundly; "sound sleep when you're happy and content—Biff, I believe if we could be sure of sound sleep every night, never worrying or regretting or plotting, we'd just go right on living. Old people, my age and better, were plentiful in the neighborhood where I lived as a boy, men that had fought through the Revolutionary War and had seen Washington. But I mustn't babble! You and Claire belong to a generation that never looks back; I



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suppose I didn't either at your age—you're thirty-two, aren't you?"

Biff nodded.

"You've done well so far," the professor went on evenly, "in a business way, following your natural bent and not meeting many bumps. College didn't mean much more than football and having a good time—when you don't have to struggle for a college education, you don't value it. I can see that you're happy with Claire, and she's fond of you; you've been rollicking along without thinking, but I was wondering if there isn't a new phase coming, a sort of strain? You show it a bit, Biff, and Claire's too nervous;

and that little boy of yours, he'd do better if—still, these modern doctors ought to know their business . . .

"Well, now, young fellow, I've been thinking over the layout up here as we gossiped, and if you want to try your muscles before dinner you can start digging around this stump, then the next one in a line with yonder big rock. As I see it, the driveway has got to come in here, and make a turn around that boulder. I can see it covered with those great purple-flowering vines . . ."

Biff came in to lunch sweat-stained, dirty, sore of muscle, and with blis-

tered palms. The professor was serene, immaculate, taking his time to eat, letting the young man talk.

"You're sure you didn't get too tired, grandfather?" Claire suspected his silence.

"Oh, no, but I'm afraid Biff overdid; it seemed to me he walked like a spring-halted horse as he came down to dinner."

"But you give me a couple of days to get hardened, Prof., and I'll hold my own with you!" Biff laughed loudly, almost happily, and turned to Claire: "Say, Babe, the prof. must have gone to school to that old bird that said he could move the world if he had a long enough lever."

"Atlas?" she offered doubtfully.

"Archimedes, I believe," said the professor.

"Of course; Atlas was the one that held the world on his shoulders. Aren't we an ignorant couple!"

"Aren't we all? If we couldn't go on learning something what would be the use of living! . . . I was looking at that fireplace you had built for me. I don't like it; it's built wrong; it won't radiate heat the way it ought. Now if they'd tilted the back wall sharply forward from the base to the chimney throat, made the throat narrower and the sides flaring instead of square, something like this—" The professor drew a carpenter's pencil from his pocket. "Got a piece of paper on you, Biff?"

"H'E'LL be wanting to tear the house down next, and rebuild it," Claire said ruefully, after he had descended for his nap.

"Oh, no, he won't butt in, Babe. Say," Biff chuckled, "you'd ought t've seen him hanging onto the end of a great long stick he called a 'prize pole'; he says to me, 'Biff, the secret is to ride it, not let it ride you.' He says, while he's gradually working the old stump loose, and never turning a hair, 'Like life, Biff; don't let it ride you!' He's a wise old rooster."

"Gracious, Biff, you have fallen hard for grandfather!"

"Yeh! Wow, I'm sore, Babe!"

In the afternoon, when the professor came up to the stump lot where they had been working, Biff broached his business problem. "Prof., I've got to decide right away whether to gamble or quit. If I keep on taking the shipments from the factory, I'll have to borrow more and more from the bank, probably have to pledge the bonds I've put away and, if sales don't pick up,



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the agency may gobble my home, too, and leave me flat broke."

"Is this agency business your own, Biff?"

"Sure; I built it up from the ground."

"That's what I thought, and yet you're considering letting the men at the factory back East tell you what to do with it! It don't look business-like, or right, to me."

"It's the only way I can keep the agency for Sealand cars. They've got us agents by the short hair, knowing we've made money out of them. They won't believe we can't force sales, and—well, they've said the final word, and it's up to me."

"Do you own your building, where you handle the cars?"

"Yes, it's practically paid for."

"If you give up handling Sealand cars, you'll sort of feel like a quitter, eh, Biff?"

"Well, you know how it is: if the fellow that took the agency from me tided himself over these tight times and started in to make money, I'd be sore at myself for not finding the solution."

"If you were busy along some other line, and making good, you wouldn't waste time on such thoughts."

"What else can I do? I'm soaked to the bone with gasoline and motor oil!"

"So you are; and a good garage man can always make a living; and you might—as I see it, Biff, people that can't buy high-priced cars will always want good cheap cars. I expect you could get plenty of used cars to recondition and sell."

"Me a garage junk dealer, Prof.!"

"I wouldn't advise you to sell junk . . . I've been thinking a good bit about tractors in the last few years. They'd ought to be, from the farmer's point of view, a whole lot cheaper and more adaptable than they are. There'd be a good market for a sort of handy-man tractor in all the orchards and vineyards of this State—"

"The 'Handy-Man Tractor'; Prof., that's an idea! I know a young fellow named Anderson that has a machine-shop back of my building; he's ambitious, an up-and-comer—say, drive down with me tomorrow, and we'll talk to him . . ."

What with clearing and grading and planting the rough hillside acre—"letting the sun and air into the soil with all this stump-pulling and blasting has richened it and me too," said the old professor—pottering around Biff's garage, goading him and Anderson to experiment with the new, cheap, and flexible tractor idea, and superintending wonderful engineering projects of Junior's in the brief afternoon hours he could have the boy up on the hillside, he had no idle moments. He fitted himself into the household routine so

well that Claire ceased to worry about him, passing the test of her dinner parties so successfully that her guests soon stopped saying to her, "He's remarkably bright for his age," and began hinting that they'd like to sit next him and hear him talk. It was sane, flavorful talk, salted with reminiscence which, Claire was surprised to see, interested even her young friends.

**BIFF**, as winter and spring passed, fairly hung on the professor, repeating: "You got me out of that Sealand agency just in time; without your prodding, I'd probably have stuck and gone broke."

"I like bulldogs, Biff, but I've noticed that collies bring the cows home at milking time by using their brains instead of their jaws."

"Now you've got me in deeper and deeper with Anderson on this tractor business—"

"You're paying for your experiments out of your garage."

"I know, but I'm not saving anything."

"Was it the Psalmist that said there's a time to lay out riches as well as a time to lay up riches? It probably wasn't—well, I've been thinking, Biff, maybe you and I and Anderson ought to form the Handy-Man Tractor Company. That would be the business-like way for me to put some money into the venture; and if it should turn out well I'd like to leave my stock to Junior as a reminder of his great-granddad. That way, too, maybe I could help to keep you and Carl Anderson from spreading out too fast when you begin selling tractors, sort of keep you riding the business, instead of—"

"Like your 'prize pole,' Prof.! By the way, Carl wants to buy one of those lots and build."

"I know; I sort of hinted to him it'd be a good plan."

"What do you think one of those lots is worth now?"

"Whatever he thinks is fair, Biff. You could afford to give him one in order to have him as a neighbor, but he wouldn't like that, and it wouldn't be business-like. Get him and his wife up to dinner, take 'em over and let 'em pick out the lot they want and plan the rest of the planting, and you can agree on a price that'll satisfy you both."

"I was thinking we'll have to work out a price for the tractors with the farmers in the same way. We'll have to go out among 'em and find out what they can afford, then give 'em all the value we can afford—show 'em our manufacturing costs, and so forth. That way, nobody can get our business away from us until he can deliver more



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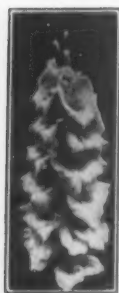


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value for the same money, and if that happens it'll be time for us to quit"

Driven by Shima, the old professor spent months visiting the farmers, orchardists, and vine-growers in the rich valleys, sitting at their tables, sleeping in their spare rooms, making leisurely investigations of their soils and layouts. He cast back, in talk with them, into the rich store of a long lifetime of passionate scientific devotion to the land, offering with patient tact the gold of his experience. Men of hard hands and shrewd eyes, realists of the soil, objected, debated, produced figures; the professor considered them, weighed them, made tentative suggestions; then the realists: "I wish you'd drive back this way; I'd like to study over what you've said and talk with you again. You know," their grimness would break up into smiles, "you don't seem like a college professor at all!"

"Well, I ain't; I'm just a retired farmer selling Handy-Man tractors—or will be as soon as the boys get fixed to start manufacturing. What I want to know is, could you make money by using our tractor? and how? If you couldn't, I wouldn't sell you one at any price."

He returned, refreshed and stimulated, to find Junior more fretful and uncertain of digestion than ever, his nurse nervous, and Claire distracted. In the quiet of his basement room, he thrashed over the problem of the child, and his conclusion was, "He's too tight strung, and the women excite him. He needs more earthworm activity, needs to get tired in his body and relax nervously. I must put in a plea to keep him up on the hillside with me."

He did, the next morning: "Claire, I find I've got to go slow. I'll just stick to my grubbing for a while; and if you could let Junior come along to keep me company, I can fix a place up there where he can take his naps when he's tired, and we could have a snack together, bread and milk and so forth, when we get hungry. That way, Miss Dart could get her mind off of the boy for a while."

"Would you like to help grandpa dig all day, Junior?" Claire asked.

"Can we make a g'eat big tunnel?" the boy demanded of the professor.

"I expect so; and a bear's den, and an Indian cave; and we could start digging through to China—a terrific job!"

"Then I'll get a long, long spade! C'mon, Gran'pa."

"You won't let him get too tired, will you, Grandfather?"

"Well, what about me? Hey, Junior? You won't overwork me, will you?"

He reached a long, calloused finger to the boy and led him away up the hill

CLAIRE began by going up to see that Junior didn't overdo, moving restlessly about the dirt piles, and the puddles made by the professor's hose line as he dug and planted. Then she too became interested in the growing landscape pattern. She forgot the boy and her own sense of strain in her absorption in seeds, cuttings, and trowel work.

For her and Junior, the professor was an ideal boss, always willing to yield his own tools and tasks and sit beside them and stimulate them to do manual work. Sitting thus in the sun, responsive to the wind's caress, chewing tobacco so expertly that his beard was never stained, he talked of Biff, the tractor business, California politics, Babylon's churches and civic problems, football, the fun he'd had building up Ozark Aggy, the Civil War, the World War, early Hoosier days, logging in Maine, the Norman horses he'd once brought from France to Missouri, English dairying and haying methods, cheese-making in Holland, the long and exhilarating struggle to teach Missouri farmers to market their corn on the hoof, prune-growing, water conservation, subsoil irrigation, the Colorado river dam. Wise, discursive, fascinating talk—Junior loved the slow melody of his voice.

Home late in the afternoon from the garage-factory, Biff began coming up to the hillside too, to dirty his hands, grin at Claire's broken, grimy nails and Junior's dirty but happy face. Then they would all go down to the house at dusk for much scrubbing and manicuring and changing into fresh clothes, Junior attacking his supper with workmanlike enthusiasm, falling to sleep in the old professor's arms and being carried to bed by Miss Dart, who seemed at last to have realized that an unexplained "don't!" is a dangerous word to use with a child.

The months, and years, shuttled on.

Anderson moved into the new house; Handy-Man Tractors set up a modest manufacturing plant separate from Biff's garage and the machine-shop, and their ancient vice-president and sales-manager made another extended trip amongst their customers; Junior joined a kindergarten, his nervousness and indigestion banished, with the most marvelous ability to dig and fashion things with his hands; Claire brought another baby into the world, a healthy chunk of a girl whose great grandfather held her close and said, "Claire, I'm mighty glad she came before I lost the use of my eyes entirely."

That happened when he was nearly

ninety-four. "I've known blindness must come some day," he said. "My eyes have always been my weakest link. It won't make much difference now."

"You've always had a good time out of life, haven't you, Prof.?" Biff's hand lay lightly, affectionately on the old man's shoulder as they walked out on the terrace with the specialist.

"Life is sweet, brother," the professor quoted.

"Ah, you know Borrow!" said the doctor eagerly. "If all of my patients, for whom I can do so little, only had the Romany peddler's philosophy."

"Yes, 'life is very sweet, brother,'" the professor went on. "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. . . Who would wish to die?"

## The Other Side of Athletics

(Continued from page 17)

and then requires him to earn that salary, is doing what is from every standpoint an excellent piece of work. The business man who allows his enthusiasm to lead him to pay a boy a salary which he does not earn, and cannot earn, and who does so merely in order that the boy may play football for the college, is doing a thing which is absolutely injurious to the boy, to the college, and to clean athletics. The intentions of such a man are probably good, but his judgment is exceedingly poor.

This picture is not a merely academic or imaginary picture. There are many such cases.

Another evil, arising from over-emphasis, is what may be called the win-at-any-cost spirit. One of the chief values to come from athletics is that a player learns how to be a good loser as well as a good winner. The team that never loses a game misses this valuable element of training. Likewise, there is probably something crooked about it. You recall that when Herbert Spencer was once beaten at a game of billiards, he remarked, "A certain amount of proficiency at billiards is the mark of a gentleman, but too much proficiency is the mark of a mis-spent youth." If a team from a comparatively small college wins every game it plays, then there is just as much call for an explanation as there would be if it lost every game it played. When the spirit of a community is such as to demand that the team win every game, no matter at what cost, then athletics may become a

"In sickness, Jasper?" the doctor prompted.

"There's the sun and the stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?" the doctor's voice faltered, and his hand sought the other shoulder of the serene ancient.

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live forever."

Then the old professor chuckled. "Biff, I was thinking that maybe next year, or the year after, we might start a little branch factory down south, and save the expense of shipping tractors from here. Well—" He broke off to extract the thin plug and cut a modest three-cornered chew; and when the doctor had gone, and Biff started up the steps to tell Claire what the specialist had said: "Tell Junior, when he comes in from school, he'll find me up at number two construction camp; we've got a lot to do before dark!"

factor for absolute evil in the college life of that community.

Rotarians in general, are not the kind of friends that are sometimes referred to as "fair-weather friends." They are men who are used to succeeding and they like to see others succeed. They like to see their team win; but nevertheless, if the team does not win, they demand that the members should be good sportsmen and good losers when losing is unavoidable. The Rotary spirit will encourage the team to do the best it honorably can to win a game; but when the team has fought gallantly and lost, the true Rotarian and the true sportsman pats the captain on the back, congratulates him on his fight, and wishes him better luck next time.

It is the opposite of this Rotary spirit that makes the work of an athletic coach rank as one of the extra hazardous occupations. Many a good coach has been forced to resign merely because his team did not win all the time. Many a coach has preferred a defeat from clean football rather than a possible victory from dirty football. The man who this year built up the strongest football team in Texas, was at one time forced to resign a job because his team did not win every game. There have been numerous resignations, more or less forced, this year among coaches whose teams did not win often enough to please the fans. In one instance, the complaining enthusiasts are said to have used the slogan, "Give us fewer glorious defeats, and more inglorious victories." The slogan was doubtless intended to



## The Riviera

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MOUNTAINS behind—with snowcaps far enough away for picturesqueness. The sapphire doormat of the Mediterranean spread in front. Roads smooth as silk, gay with the swiftest motors known to man. Tiny villages perched in the hills like birds' nests. . . . And down along the Cote d'Azur, those jewelled towns whose names have made smart history—Cannes, Juan-les-Pins, Monte Carlo!

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be at least in part facetious, but nevertheless it summed up admirably one element that has made it difficult to preserve clean athletics.

It is this same spirit which makes it a strong temptation for colleges to disregard academic standing in determining the eligibility of players. Every college has regulations requiring that a student must be passing in a certain amount of college work before he shall be eligible to play on the team. Not all colleges, however, find it easy to enforce this regulation when the spirit of the community demands that games must be won at any cost. Let the Rotary club in each college community do what it can to make it easy for the college to enforce these standards.

The fourth evil that enters into the other side of athletics is the evil of gambling. It must be recognized that there is a difference of opinion even among good men as to the moral turpitude of gambling. Many a high-class man sees no special evil in pulling a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket and betting it on the success of his home team. In fact, many high-class men consider it an evidence of patriotism to do this. Nevertheless, every college that is really worth-while takes a determined stand against gambling. It is hard for college authorities to convince immature boys that it is wrong to bet on games when they see mature men, of good standing in a community, doing that very thing. Every time a

man places a bet on a college football game, he is to that extent making it harder for the college to maintain clean athletics.

I repeat the statement that I am a firm believer in the good to come from college athletics. Nevertheless, I recognize that there are certain evils attendant upon athletics and that we should do our best to reduce these to a minimum. Chief among these are the four evils I have just enumerated.

Rotarians are the friends of education, just as they are the friends of all other things, that are good. Let them clasp hands with college administrators in a determined effort to get all possible good from college athletics and the least harm possible.

## Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

(Continued from page 31)

indifference. "Our distinguished guest, who is also the friend of all of us who know him, is a Rotarian."

So?—That was interesting. Bob wondered where he belonged; and the chairman obligingly supplied the desired data.

"He is a member of the Rotary Club of Scarsdale, New York. It's a small town, but our guest glories in the fact that he is a 'small-town man;' and well he may, since, on 'the Big Time' vaudeville circuits, he is known in the United States from coast to coast as 'the small town guy.' If any of you don't already know why, you will after listening just a few minutes to our honored guest and entertainer: 'Chic Sale.'"

Bob settled back in his chair, prepared to hear the usual vaudevillian's interpretation of the pettiness and pseudo-smartness of that typical Main Streeter who typifies nothing but a badly inflamed imagination.

There was a little stage at one end of the hall, and now the curtain was pulled aside, revealing a dias, a desk, and something that might be either the back of a harmonium or an imitation book-case.

So it was to be "School Days" stuff, eh? So much the worse!

The entertainer entered. He was slim and slight, and his slimness was accentuated by the rusty black coat of a village school-teacher—or maybe it was a Trustee?—buttoned closely about him. An insignificant-looking fellow. No make-up, so far as Bob could see. This must be Chic Sale himself.

But it wasn't Chic. It was the smug, self-important teacher of the district school, about to enjoy to the full his crowning day of glory as presiding

officer at the annual "Program for Parents and Friends."

A returning Rotarian who had stepped out for a cigar tried to slip unobtrusively into his seat, but the pale eyes of "teacher" peered at him over the upper rim of a pair of glasses in a curiously reminiscent manner, and a stiffly pompous voice expressed a hope that he had brought a letter from his mother explaining his late arrival!

The victim blushed and wriggled, like the small boy he had miraculously become, and Bob joined the others in a hearty roar of real amusement. Maybe this wasn't going to be half bad, after all!

It wasn't. It was *life*. Simply that. Little slices of small-town life so delightfully and so unselfconsciously portrayed by exquisitely sympathetic art, that not a man in the room but slipped gradually or at once out of his shell of acquired characteristics and became an unconscious artist, helping to create the veritable atmosphere of Chic's school program.

WITH the aid of simple costumes, and little make-up, Chic became one after another of the school "talent." As the bashful, blundering hobbledoy, he started to "speak a piece" but broke down, with the cringing interior sympathy of the entire audience.

As a precocious girl, pert and self-satisfied, he excited the fervid enthusiasm of imaginary relatives and left the rest of the audience complacently contemptuous.

As the Grand Army veteran, who had been put out of the Village Band because his off-eye let him march straight ahead when the "pee-rade" turned to the right, he added forty years to his apparent age with nothing

to foster the illusion but his own inimitable ability to *become* the character he impersonated.

It was the shortest half-hour, and probably the happiest, that Bob had ever spent at a Rotary meeting—and to think that he had been afraid that *this* fellow would be salacious!

Why, it was the cleanest and the *heartiest*—yes, that was exactly the right word—the heartiest bit of entertainment that he remembered ever seeing and hearing!

His ribs ached now with laughing, and there was a curious kind of an ache, too, up a little higher on the left side; the sort of an ache one gets after listening to great music or to magnificent drama.

And yet, surely, there had been nothing great or magnificent about these simple, natural, homely impersonations of Chic's? Well, they had gone home into the same deeps. They had made him feel happier and somehow *cleaner* inside. Maybe that *was* great art, after all, though it seemed so simple and natural.

A fellow-Rotarian turned to him with a question: "Seen the show?"

"No, I haven't; but if *this* is a fair sample, I surely shall."

"Well," said the other, "I've seen it, and this isn't exactly a sample. It's a good show, one of the best of its kind, if you know what I mean; but the most amazing thing to me was and is that this simple little skit of Chic's not only seems to *fit* in such a show, but actually it is about the *only* thing one really *remembers* after one comes away. It lifts the whole level of the thing—beautiful and clever though it undoubtedly is—about a million miles, and it surely seems to lift the audience

along with it. They come to be *amused*—and they surely *are*; they get a tremendous thrill, out of Chic—but they go away feeling just a bit happier about human-nature—and about themselves, since they are part of human-nature—than they have felt for years and years. At least, that's the way it hit me."

"That's the way it hit me, too!" confessed Bob; "And I'll tell you, Dick; we talk a lot about 'Service' here, overworking the word and all that and I guess we try to mean what we say; but I wonder how many of us realize that a fellow like Chic Sale, going all about the country as he does, *reminding* folks that human-nature is really pretty decent and likeable after all, and giving them a chance to *smile from the inside* instead of merely on the outside, is doing just about the finest piece of human service that any human-being could do?"

"You're right, Bob, absolutely right!"

And Bob, too, felt that he was.

Maybe he *was*.

## Talbot County's Investment

(Continued from page 21)

put it over—why, that's our fault. We just haven't proven ourselves good salesmen—that's all. Quit when the money's half raised? Oh, come on, let's put it over! Anyway, I'm not going to take back my subscription; the money can lie there, until some other committee takes up the thing, and makes a go of it."

"Well, I'm willing to go along with you." This from the Editor. "Shall we do it?" There was an agreement, but not very much enthusiasm.

\* \* \* \*

It was three weeks later. A few hundred dollars more had been raised; but the end seemed to have been reached.

And then—it happened!

The telephone rang sharply in the Mayor's office. The Mayor lifted the receiver from the hook. At the first few words, he leaned forward in sudden excitement. "What's that, Chief? ... Out at North Bend, on Miles River, you say? ... Well, it's against the town ordinance to let you go—but, go ahead!"

Now, North Bend is a pricelessly beautiful old homestead; its owner is a very well-to-do business man. A revengeful servant had fired the barn; the house stood directly in the path of the flames.—Recklessly the firemen backed their heavy engine down the crumbling river-bank, until the short suction-hose reached the water.—This type of engine wasn't meant for coun-

try work . . . but it must serve!—Half an hour later, the last sparks had been drowned out . . . the house was saved.

Before the ashes were fairly cold, the Committee was at work. The Editor filled the next edition of his paper with strong headlines and pointed editorials. Here was a splendid object-lesson, showing what a fire-engine could do, if permitted to fight rural fires! "But we cannot depend on the town engine, any more," said the editorial; "the underwriters have served notice on the Mayor that the next time the engine

leaves town, they will raise the rates about 50 per cent.—A public meeting will be held in the fire-engine house to discuss ways and means of providing fire-protection for our rural citizens; let's all go!"

Naturally, the meeting was well attended. The fire was fresh in everyone's mind. Farmers came; so did business men. The owner of North Bend made a forceful speech, urging the immediate purchase of a county fire-engine. "I'll subscribe \$200, and guarantee one-fourth of the unsubscribed bal-

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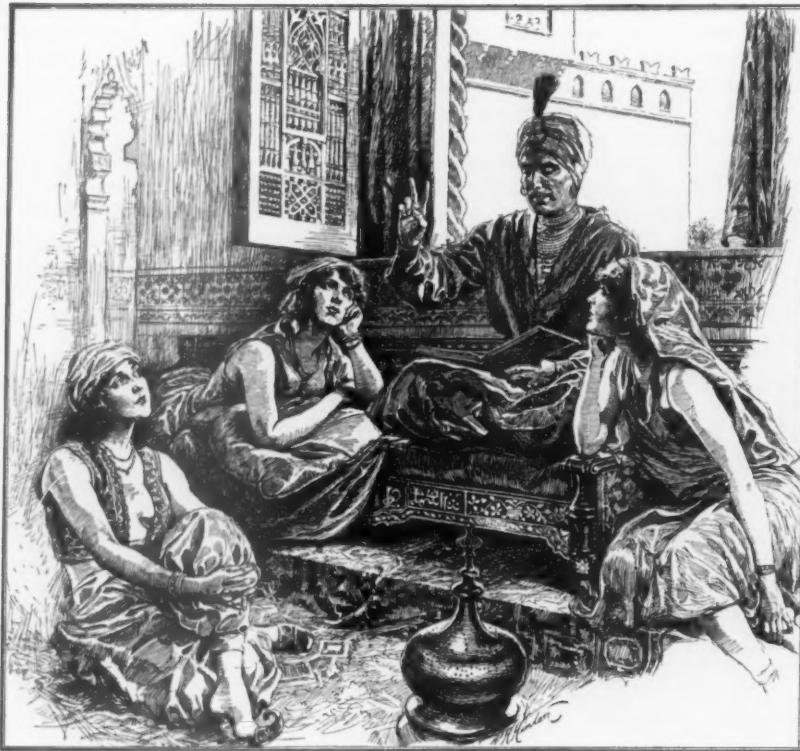


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ance, if you'll do this," he said. Before the applause had died away, another man had matched this guarantee; then another—and another; until the whole amount was covered. The committee by applying businesslike sales methods—capitalizing the fire—had put the thing over!

Today the Talbot County fire-engine is tremendously popular; the knockers have all been proven false. The second call the engine had was to the home of the man who said his place "would be burned down before the engine got halfway there." His \$25,000 home was afire, and was saved with only about \$1,000 damage!

Never once have the Easton volunteer firemen failed to make up a crew; no matter how wild the weather or how distant the call. The old jealousy between town and country has been wiped out to a great extent—thanks to the service which the Easton firemen so cheerfully give to all the county. Property worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, much of it very poorly insured, has been saved to the mutual benefit of the farmers and the merchants. The expenses of the engine—repairs, gasoline, equipment, and so on—are cheerfully shared half-and-half by the town council and the county commissioners; the volunteer firemen gladly give their services.

\* \* \* \*

NOW, where does Rotary come in?

As I have said, it did not have the honor of starting this splendid service; because the Easton Rotary Club was not fully organized at that time. But since then the club has done what it could in this matter. Three of the original committeemen became active Rotarians; the president of the fire company is a Rotarian; so is the chaplain. Several times the officers of the fire company have been the speakers and dinner guests of the club; and have been enthusiastically supported. More than half the Rotarians are contributing ("honorary") members of the fire company.

When one of the engines was forced into the ditch by a reckless automobilist, killing and wounding several firemen, Rotarians promptly joined with other citizens in organizing a relief committee. Each injured man received twenty-five dollars a week, until he was able to go to work.

I am sure that if the Easton Rotary Club had been organized a few months earlier, it would have had a considerable part in initiating the county fire-engine. With its fifty members actively supporting the project, it could have done this service far more easily and speedily than the lonely little committee of six.

And, frankly, I wish our club had been able to do it! The various little services we have done for the farmers



and the firemen have been infinitely profitable and helpful to our own members. But had we done more, the profit to us in Rotary Education would have been far greater. We have learned many worth-while lessons of unselfish service from these same farmers—all of them.

When we women are asking donations for the firemen's carnival, the farmers always seem so very, very ready to give!" said a Rotary-Ann to me, the other day. "Sometimes the town folk give a bit ungraciously—or don't give at all—but it's different with the country folk."

And the firemen—do they realize the service they render? Not the mere spectacular risking of life at some dangerous fire—no, I don't mean that. But the commonplace things which most of us don't know about; the bitter rides through midnight blizzards, the loss of wages or work, the ruined clothing, the cleaning and wearisome re-loading of equipment—with never a cent of pay or profit. What for? Excitement? . . . Yes, to some small extent. But to an infinitely greater extent it is for exactly the same thing that keeps you and me in Rotary—the joy of Service Above Self.

## Back Where We Started

(Continued from page 15)

service is impersonal. We contribute our membership and our influence to the Rotary movement and have a comfortable feeling that somehow the intangible thing called Rotary will straighten out the world's affairs with little or no effort upon our part. And if we back the boy scouts and crippled children and help boys through college and build playgrounds and swimming-pools and camps, we stand as high as a club. Let us not criticize. Perhaps that is all we can expect of a Rotary club or all that is workable. We cannot deny that it is producing men who give expression to Rotary theory in district conferences and Rotary conventions and these men are becoming factors in world affairs.

If Rotary clubs can go far under their present more-or-less indolent and indifferent grasp of the Rotary idea, how much farther might they go if they would keep closely within Rotary boundaries in their activities and through greater use of the committee or small-group plan of study, research, and operation, get the membership to thinking about and discussing the subjects with which Rotary is vitally concerned. A few steps in that direction under our new by-laws and plan of management would not be revolutionary or drastic. In the words of Calvin Coolidge, "I am in favor of it."



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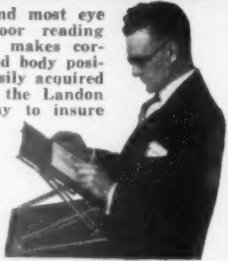
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## "Spuds"—With a College Degree

(Continued from page 26)

heralded of course, this exhibit attracted thousands of visitors, and because of the universally high character of the product, the distribution of prizes was a most difficult task. The prize distribution, by the way, was carried out at a great banquet on the final evening, and the Mayor held the center seat. Yes, the dads and the mothers were there too, for hadn't their enthusiasm been elevated to the boiling point?

We are talking about Community Service and Boys Work. Let's see, what did *this* undertaking accomplish?

First, it brought fifty men into direct contact with fifty boys scattered over a radius of twenty miles; boys whom most of them had never seen or heard of, up to that time.

Second, it brought these same fifty men into a relationship with the parents of those boys, all of whom had come to realize that here perhaps was a medium for interesting those lads in the future of farm-work, instead of the lure that is coming to exist for city life.

Third, it brought to fifty farmers

some conception at least of the possibilities that lurk in the soil for better crops, provided that soil is given the necessary care and cultivation.

And lastly, it gave to each of those fifty boys a new vision of life; the kindly touch of a neighboring hand, the fellowship of new-found friends, the worthiness of doing best the task that comes to him each day.

He was a better boy, because he had engaged in a friendly contest with other lads just like himself. Little did it matter whether he was a winner or a loser, his head was high, his shoulders erect and pride permeated his features. For had he not achieved something for himself, something that came into his life literally from out the clouds, lifting him to new heights of manhood and development.

This is the Community Service that Rotary preaches, because it is practical and workable, because it does not entail a financial hardship, and because it has a lasting influence on the growth and development and betterment of the entire citizenry.

## Europe and the New Democracy

(Continued from page 9)

eminent result of the new international policy built up by the experiences of the terrible war, and by democratic ideas leading to the construction of a new Europe and of a new world, is especially designed so that while endeavoring to collaborate with and among the nations, it guarantees to them peace and security. The manner which the League of Nations considers suitable for the reaching of this aim, is expressed by a sentence in the introduction of the Pact of the League of Nations. It says that it is necessary that the nations or states accept certain obligations; that they will not resort to war; that they will maintain public international relations, based on equality and honor; that they will strictly maintain the rules of international law which are considered from now on as norms binding the governments; and that they will regard in general the justice and maintain consciously all obligations of agreements which are imposed by treaties in the international relations of organized nations.

If we add to these introductory words of the Pact the ideas, which are exactly explained in the individual articles of that Magna Charta of the new world

policy, then we have before our eyes several important ways leading to the preventing of international and interstate disputes by pointing out the necessity and possibility of a peaceful arbitral or judicial solution of such disputes: the Pact rejects any war or threat of war which would result in violation of peace between the nations; it imposes upon the organs of the League of Nations to provide for the reduction of armaments of states to a minimum degree which would still be in accordance with the safety of states and with the duties which might be laid upon that state for its fulfillment of international obligations; the Pact requires of all members of the League of Nations that they shall submit all their disputes, which might result in a disagreement, for reconsideration, or arbitration, or to the Court, or to the Covenant—for this purpose the Pact also provides for the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague; and that the Pact also obliges members to preserve and to defend the present territorial integrity and political independence of all members of the League against any attack from outside.

We have here placed before our eyes

not display in the treatment of his inferiors. As a general rule he set down as a maxim: "He who is ingratiating can treat with anybody, but he who is overbearing will find an enemy in everyone he addresses."

Our much politeness would offend people here as much as their too-little politeness would offend us. We are at opposite poles in this as in other matters. Both be better for approach to the mean between extremes.

The dwellers in this land see little politeness—less than the white people of the West, because they not much care for opinion of others, but much for their own. We care too much for what others think of us and too little for our own opinion. So they are proud and selfish; we are vain and servile. Both are wrong; pride is excess of dignity; vanity the excessive desire for approbation. In the true spirit of reform we must examine ourselves, our customs and our beliefs. What not has reason and truth must be discarded. One long while past we have been satisfied that our ways are top-good. . . .

We not are sincere when we wish a man to live for ten thousand years. At a hundred he would be irksome burden to himself and his relatives. We not are sincere when we say we desire to spare another trouble, yet keep him standing and bowing, when he longs to sit body down. We not are sincere when we speak of a person as illustrious, when we know he is but commonplace. Or of ourselves as worthless, when within the marrow of our heart we esteem ourselves more than him. Let us therefore be practically polite, and so be sincere. Yet even in sincerity there is proper limit. Certain things said with sincerity offend. They not need be said. It may be sincere and true to say a man's nose is purple, yet not necessary; so better not said. Purpose of politeness is to spare pain. It serves like thin oil in machinery, lessening friction. Our social machinery is clogged with thick oil. Social machinery here not has enough oil.

In the public offices, at railway stations, in eating-houses, in shops, on street cars, might be more politeness. . . .

On street car, if it is new regulation you not know, collector of tickets stares at you for a half-witted man; not knowing the one thing he knows, and speaks sharply. The Great Sage might have asked such a one: "What is the good of being ready with the tongue; they who meet men with smartness of speech, for the most part, procure themselves hatred."

In truth there is little politeness here; often indeed disrespect, even in-

solence. I speak perhaps too severely; but the black-haired race not is much respected at here. The reason for this because our country is weak. We have always been peaceable and victims of other nations, and so not respected. Those of our race in this land not are good representatives of the great empire. For these reasons we are treated with less consideration than other nationalities. I should judge them more justly and favorably if I examined their behavior towards each other.

\* \* \* \*

YET the people in this country, if rough, are honest and truthful. It is the intention we must regard, more than words and manner. We look less at intention than at flowery language. You what prefer: A hot roast fowl in an earthenware pot, or cold rice in a silver bowl? What these people say they mean; this I have many times proved in the way taught by Meng: "Listen to a man's words and look at the pupil of his eye. How can a man conceal his character?" But we of the Middle Kingdom not always mean what we say; that not sincere. So I am learning from those in this land to mean what I say and put away false politeness and exaggeration. I have therefore decided to use correct and truthful expression of my thoughts. So I beg you not be offended if, instead of the untruthful term "elder brother" I call you "my dear friend;" for such you are in truth. Think not that by changing from our old style that I hold you in less respect than before, Tseng-Ching. More indeed, for I know you love truth and not will be displeased with my sincerity.

\* \* \* \*

In dance-halls is different kind of music called JAZZ. It resembles our music tune with metal horns that split the ear or moan dismally, twanging lutes, gongs, drums, bells and pieces of wood they beat fiercely making sound like skeleton bones rattling together in the high wind. The sound loud enough to wake up dead man. The players throw body about like apes in a forest's fire. In truth, this is top good music to rouse men to heroic deeds. To my recording faculty came the words of the Sage: "It is from music that the finish is received." Hearing this JAZZ, I think a think: "Truly is this the finish!" and I beat hand together, thus my satisfaction!

\* \* \* \*

Our mental culture has been tritely ethical. We have touched only on the borders of science. We have had few athletic sports. In architecture, pottery, bronze and metal work we ad-

mitedly have shown skill; but in painting, figure and landscape, our efforts have been puerile; our music is little better than noise. In agriculture, for want of modern implements and machines, we are still in the primitive stage. Most of the industry we have has been founded in recent years by foreigners. Liberty and peace, with few interruptions, we have always enjoyed and have rarely abused; on the other hand, comforts and luxuries such as are known to the European, have for the most part been for us unknown. We have not had the enlightenment afforded by books, newspapers, the intercourse of learned minds, scientific institutions and lectures that the Western people had long ago. Our people have not by such education been brought up to a general level constituting unity of thought, public opinion, national spirit. . . .

In comparing the civilizations of China and the West, that of the former is as the fruit that is green and unripe, while that of the latter is ripe and, in some instances, rotten. Though civilization reaches its highest point in the aggregation of human beings in cities and towns, vice, crime and poverty are more—and peacefulness and happiness are less—to be found there than in the country districts. . . .

Yet there is compensation in every circumstance. In this case there is the compensation afforded by *Work*, as work. A poor one, many may say. Not so; work is the greatest of all blessings, even when unsuccessful. And why? Because in our working time we forget ourselves, we forget our troubles, we forget we are alive! Strange that our best time during life should be a mundane Nirvana! The toiling laborer need not envy the rich idler whose life is a depressing tedium, broken only by the craving for new excitement and new pleasures, when tasted, insipid or nauseating; the rich idler for whom Time is an enemy he wishes to kill. . . .

A man without work is a danger to himself and the community. He loses his self-respect, and to obtain work or money resorts to deceit, servility, hypocrisy and crime. The desperate man looking in vain for the primary needs for self and family resorts to violence, to murder, to riot, to revolution. Much in the same way the competition among nations for trade-money brings about aggression and war. The greed for money, often greatly in excess of legitimate requirements, is the distinctive feature of Western civilization at the present time. It is bringing all things down to a valuation of so





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many dollars. Faith in honor, virtue, patriotism, is waning; the cynical say they can be bought, that every man or woman has his or her price.

What a fatal confusion of ideas with regard to money! The aim of each one of us is the enjoyment of life—happiness. The requisites to secure that are the primary need and the prospective hope of increasing our comforts and minor luxuries. Having proceeded thus far on life's way we come to a bifurcation; one road leads to the gold and gem deposits among the gloomy mountains, the other road to the peaceful vale of moderation. Many venture on the hardships and dangers of the rugged mountains intending to capture the treasure there, return with it and follow the other road to the peaceful vale. But this cannot be; one must follow one road or the other... to the end.

The successful (?) man who has accumulated a fortune or risen to power by his strenuous efforts has by those very efforts lost the capability of enjoying his conquest. It is the same as one hurrying to a distant banquet, arriving exhausted and fevered, unable to partake of the good fare.

In our country we have had no desire to produce in immense quantities, nor to be whirled along at great speed over the earth, in the air or on or under the water. Speed in everything is now another distinguishing characteristic of the Western nations. To get where? Behind the horseman sits black care. Life will become a destructive tornado, where peace and quietude cannot dwell.

Things that a few decades ago were held in esteem are now scorned as slow and tedious. This is noticed in the fashion of dress for women, in the arts of literature, music and painting in which for the sake of novelty good taste has given place to sensationalism, eccentricity and the grotesque. America, the land of speed, has set the example. The aged now find themselves mystified in a new world of excitement and invention familiar to their children. The young assert that the views of their parents are obsolete, old-fashioned, dull and monotonous. How expect an up-to-date youth or girl to listen with conviction to the advice of one out of touch with the times? People have hosts of acquaintances as they dart from one place to another like disturbed ants, but they have not the leisure for friendship, nor the stability for married life. Where will all this lead to? Can human life long bear the strain? Will not nerve or heart or brain, continually overtaxed, increasingly succumb? This is the life led in the cities, the home of civilization.

For long periods we have lived in

peace among ourselves. The members of different religions and sects—Confucians, Buddhists, Taoists, Mahomans and Christians—have side by side practiced their rites with perfect tolerance, except on rare occasions. So much cannot be said of the Western Christians. We have during our long history had very few wars. It is only since the intrusion of the Western nations that we have learned and suffered by the diabolical arts of war. Before that time our insignificant military class was the least esteemed.

War is of all human activities the antithesis of true civilization; it is a return to savagery and barbarism, authorized murder. Instead of being constructive, it is destructive. No wonder that a soldier after the fighting hates to speak or think of it; his mind, once freed of the murderous thrall, is stricken with shame and horror. And yet, in spite of that return to reason, we find that instigators and directors of the mad carnage, be they princes, generals, admirals or politicians, are, if victorious, extolled and revered by their countrymen far more than true benefactors. Napoleon, who caused the violent death of millions of men in their prime, is held to be a far greater hero than Pasteur who saved the lives of as many. So much for the vaunted civilization of the West.

\* \* \* \*

Though war—in times of peace—is condemned as horrible and a thing to be abolished together with racial animosity, which is generally its cause, we find that many things that conduce to it are still permitted. Read the histories of each country and it will at once be noticed what prominence is given to the military and naval battles won and what honor is paid to the memory of the victorious generals and admirals. Their fame is perpetuated in marble and bronze, in bridge or square, in town or street. Their countrymen feel proud of them and exultant over the defeated foe and all his race. Should any of the latter see these monumental records of the defeat of their countrymen they may not improbably feel humiliated and revengeful. These continual reminders of former bitter antagonism keep hot the blood of racial hate. All this pride in savagery should cease and with it all that perpetuates the false glory of a bad past. Otherwise we shall have a new series of wars, with greater numbers of combatants, with more death-dealing weapons, until all the available power of one nation, men, boys, and even women, will be pitted against one another. Let us hope that to save humanity and civilization from destruction the nations in their sane moments will band together and forbid the insanity of war.

## The Quest of the "Bluebird"

(Continued from page 11)

however, that should not be overlooked is that it was the first time that he had a goal to lose.

I want to refer to another masterpiece—Maeterlinck's "Bluebird"—an allegorical fairy story. The "Bluebird" is a symbol of happiness. People travelled all over the world in quest of the "bluebird," but failed to locate it. They returned home discouraged and distressed. As they sat one evening, looking at their own bird-cage which contained a blackbird, they heard of a little child in the neighborhood who was sick and cried for a bird. They opened the cage to give the bird to the little crippled child, and lo and behold, it wasn't black at all; it was blue. The moment they noticed that it had become blue, it was thrust back into the cage again. "We travelled over land and sea to find the bluebird, and now that we have it in our own home, we will not part with it." The bird was thrust back into the cage, and with the change of heart there was a change of color; it wasn't blue at all; it was black.

**H**APPINESS is possible only with unselfish service. If you run after happiness, happiness will run away from you; if you seek to render an unselfish service—this is the very heart of Rotary—happiness will overtake you. It does not depend upon your income; it does depend upon your output. Happiness is never an objective; it must always be subjective; it is a by-product of unselfish service. It is a ratio between what you are and what you might have been. Philosophers will distinguish between primary and secondary qualities. Many of them will claim that there is no such thing as red, but that there is a red apple; that there is no such thing as green, but that there is such a thing as green grass. In like manner, happiness is the colorfulness of unselfish service.

Happiness was born a twin. One is called "What-we-have;" the other is called "What-we-share." Happiness does not consist in "having what we want," but in wanting what we have. Not what we have, but what we are; not to possess, but to be possessed; these make happiness possible.

Three men in the street were breaking stones. They were doing the same thing. A passerby put this question to the first: "What are you doing?" "I am earning three dollars a day," he said gruffly. The same question put to

the second, elicited the dignified answer, "I am supporting my wife and educating my children." When put to the third, there came a tone of exaltation: "I—I, sir, am building a cathedral."

Most people are just about as happy as they deserve to be. A poor woman came to a Brahmin priest, and told of her unhappiness, and he, so deeply human, said to her, "My poor woman, go from door to door and find some people even less fortunate than you are and help them to bear their burden, and return to me within a week." The woman went; she did not return. A month later he met her on the street and said, "How about your sorrow, my dear woman," and she said, "What sorrow, my lord?"

The quest of happiness lies in the happiness of the quest. If eating be one's great ambition, the human organism itself will revolt, and the ambition will be cut off. If drinking be one's greatest desire, it will undermine the system and come to an early end. If immorality and dissipation be looked upon as sources of pleasure, these, too, will be short-lived; but if the ideal things—art, and literature, and philosophy, and the rendering of unselfish service—be the goal of human endeavor, they will form an ideal quest, just because they represent the quest for the ideal. Pascal, the great scientist, once said, "Happiness is neither wholly within ourselves nor wholly without, but the union of the soul with God." If we "tune-in" with the Infinite, there will be no statics, and buzzes, and squeaks, and rumbles, but we shall find the harmony of the universe, "whose music is the gladness of the world." *Happiness is a perfume that you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself.*

Not what we have, but what we use;  
Not what we see, but what we choose—  
These are the things that mar or bless  
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;  
Not what we seem, but what we are—  
These are the things that make or break,  
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;  
Not what we dream, but good we do—  
These are the things that shine like gems,  
Like stars in Fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give,  
Not as we pray, but as we live—  
These are the things that make for peace,  
Both now and after Time shall cease.

For life is a mirror of king and slave,  
'Tis just what we are and do,  
Then give to the world the best you have  
And the best will come back to you.

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# AMONG OUR LETTERS

## January Cover

SIRS:

In receiving my ROTARIAN of January, I am very much pleased to note that you have used as a front-page illustration the Pieter's picture entitled "Peeling Potatoes."

I was somewhat instrumental in having Mr. Lafayette Lamb of Clinton, Iowa, buy this picture which his heirs gave later on to the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

You will be interested in knowing that this picture was once the property of Francis Wilson, the theatrical star, and that it passed from his hands to those of Mr. Lamb through the instrumentality of the Thurber Studios in Chicago.

CHARLES B. MILLS.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

## In Portuguese

EDITOR:

. . . You would be surprised to know how many of our Brazilian friends have taken up the study of English which enables them to read THE ROTARIAN and how frequently articles of sound advice are delivered in Portuguese at our meetings taken from the official organ of Rotary International.

RICHARD P. MOMSEN.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

## Worth . . . Dozen Subscriptions

EDITOR:

My heartiest congratulations to you on the excellence of the January number of THE ROTARIAN and particularly on that splendid article by Charles Wiers, entitled "Business Contacts." I have just finished reading that and have it all marked up with pencil, emphasizing the salient points that I particularly want to bring to the attention of my office staff.

Contacts with the public are a big factor in our business and we have been paying very special attention to them in our town. This article of Wiers is chuck full of the very material that I want and I feel that the article is well worth the price of a dozen subscriptions to THE ROTARIAN.

I enclose a money order for \$2.50, in return for which I would be obliged if you would send me ten copies of the magazine, if you can spare them, as I want to distribute them among my staff.

W. J. CAIRNS.

Toronto, Canada.

## "To His Surprise"

EDITOR:

District Governor Sam Schmucker recently paid a visit to the Georgetown, Delaware, Rotary Club and during the meeting discovered, to his surprise, that every member of the Georgetown club read THE ROTARIAN regularly and thoroughly. Governor Sam suggested that this would make an interesting item for THE ROTARIAN.

To say that the Georgetown Club members enjoy THE ROTARIAN is putting it mildly. The articles and news items in the magazine often form the basis for conversation and discussions at club meetings.

HOWARD T. ENNIS.

Georgetown, Delaware.

## Criticizes Objective Work

TO THE EDITOR:

. . . I wish THE ROTARIAN could get a little further away from "activities of Rotary clubs" as concerns objective undertakings. I would be glad if no one in the community outside the membership should ever know of the existence of the Rotary club. Uniontown, Pennsylvania, has the best Rotary club I know of, about seventy members, forty of them members of the Century Club and ten others with from forty-one to eighty-four consecutive meetings each to their credit. Every meeting is an inspiration. The town is undertaking a movement for a public library. Rotarian Russell Carr, an outstanding lawyer, member of the public school board, etc., in bringing the matter to the attention of the club said, "I hope every member of this club will get back of this movement." I think you could scarcely find a man in that club to suggest that the club as such should get

behind that or anything else. That is real Rotary. Anything else causes us to be held up to ridicule.

Your magazine is splendid. The December issue is one of the best you have issued. I wish you would get further away from the objective idea and adopt to a larger extent at least, the subjective idea of Rotary.

G. FRANK KELLY.

Scottsdale, Pennsylvania.

## Two Articles

SIRS:

I have read with a thrill two articles in the last issue of THE ROTARIAN, viz: "An American Locarno," by James T. Shotwell and "Rotary's Sixth Object," by Wickham Steed. Taken together these articles, in both spiritual and practical suggestion, inspire a feeling which could grow into confident optimism about an ultimate era of peace on earth. . . .

J. W. L. FORSTER.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

## Courtesy

EDITOR ROTARIAN:

A nomadic Rotarian intent on keeping a 100 percent attendance witnessed a ludicrous affair a few days ago.

At the close of the program we stood at attention to a beautiful American flag in its place of honor; on the opposite side a fine British flag of like size and texture.

We were ordered to sing "Star Spangled Banner"—a wave of mirth soon was apparent—what a technical blunder. Should we not have sung "America" and "God Save the King?"

How would it do to go down to Atlanta and sing "Marching Through Georgia?" If we are Rotarians, should we not be careful and should we not be more considerate. Nations make international lines; Rotarians knock them down.

A ROTARIAN.

## Rises to a Point of Order

TO THE EDITOR:

I am in a position just now that many a Rotarian has been in, and I don't enjoy it. There is no one to blame, so far as I know. It is a difficulty inherent in the rules, etc. I state my case:

For a long time I had been a Baltimore Rotarian. I moved to Washington, and a very good friend put my name up for membership. At first there was a difficulty of classification, that was speedily overcome. It has been three months now since the application went in. At the date of this writing, I am still without the pale and can find out nothing except a cheering bulletin from my application's bedside. I am no longer a member in Baltimore because I cannot be a Rotarian in a town I do not live in; I am not a member here. Hence, I am not a Rotarian anywhere. I like Rotary, but if I died now I should die a non-Rotarian. Legitimately, I am not entitled to attend a meeting except as some one's guest I am called a visiting Rotarian, but I am not. I am nothing, Rotarily speaking. I get the bulletins of my home club two days after the meeting is held, and I get no bulletins whatsoever from the club in the town where I live.

Now I believe there is a possible remedy for this. A Rotarian from one club going to another city and applying for membership should be given an interim card—nothing elaborate; simply something showing that he has been a Rotarian in good standing and has applied for a membership in the new place. Pending the time action is taken on his application, he should be given some status. His name should be on the books as a tentative or probationary member, and the notices should be sent him in advance of meetings. If his classification prove to be filled or if there be other good and sufficient reasons why he cannot be admitted to that Club's roster, he should be notified and his card nullified.

This is probably a rotten plan, but some good parliamentarian could, on the wreck of my suggestion, found a good scheme. It is a sad fate to be a Rotarian, seething with Rotary spirit of years' accumulation, and be debarred the privilege of rotating!

STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

Washington, D. C.



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